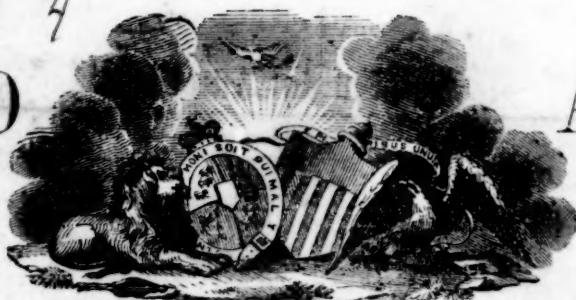


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DIRGE FOR A LIVING POET.

BY HORACE SMITH.

What? shall the mind of bard, historian, sage
Be prostrate laid upon oblivion's bier,
Shall darkness quench the beacon of our age,
"Without the meed of one melodious tear?"
Will none, with genius like his own,
Mourn the fine intellect o'erthrown,
That died in giving life to deathless heirs?
Are worthier voices mute?—then I,
The muse's humblest votary,
Will pour my wailful dirge and sympathising prayers.
Well may I mourn that mental sun's eclipse,
For in his study have I sate enshrined,
And reverently listen'd while his lips
Master'd the master spirits of mankind,
As his expanding wisdom took
New range from each consulted book.
Oh! to what noble thoughts didst thou give birth,
Thou poet—sage! whose life and mind
In mutual perfectness combined
The spirit's loftiest flight, with purest moral worth.
Behold the with'ring change!—amid the rays
That form a halo round those volumed wits,
Amid his own imperishable lays,
In silent, blank fatuity he sits!
Seeking a respite from his curse,
His body, now his spirit's hearse,
Still haunts that book-charm'd room, for there alone
Thought gleams illumine his wand'ring eyes,
As lightnings flicker o'er the skies,
Where the departed sun in cloudless glory shone.
Oh, withering, woful change—oh, living death!
Lo! where he strays at fancy's aimless beck,
On his dementate brow the tided wreath,
A mournful mockery of reason's wreath,
Roaming by Derwent's silent shore,
Or dark-hued Greta's rushing roar,
A human statue! His unconscious stare
Knows not the once familiar spot,
Knows not the partner of his lot,
Who, as she guides him, sobs a broken-hearted prayer.
Oh, flood and fell, lake, moorland valley, hill!
Mourn the dark bard who sang your praise of yore.
Oh, Rydal-Falls, Lodore, and Dungeon Gill!
Down the rock's cheeks your tearful gushes pour.
Ye crag-envelop'd Tarns that sleep
In your hush'd craters, wake and weep,
Ye mountains! hide your sorrowing heads in cloud.
As sobbing winds around ye moan;
Helvellyn! Skiddaw! wail and groan,
And clothe your giant forms in vapour's mourning shroud.
Why make appeal to these? Ye good and wise,
Who worshipp'd at his intellectual shrine,
Ye kindred natures, who can sympathize
With genius reft of reason's light divine,
Ye whom his learning, virtue, lays,
Taught, guided, charmed in other days,
Let all your countless voices be combin'd,
As, on your knees, ye pour on high
This choral supplicating cry—
"Restore, restore, O God! our poet's wand'ring mind!"

PARTY SPIRIT.

"Why did you not dine," said a Lord to a Wit,
"With the Whigs, you political sinner?"
"Why, really I meant, but had doubts how the Pit
Of my stomach would bear a Fox Dinner."

T. H.

REMINISCENCES OF MEN AND THINGS.

BY ONE WHO HAS A GOOD MEMORY.

DE LAMARTINE, THE FRENCH POET.

When first I saw the kind-hearted and gentlemanly De Lamartine, he had returned from his travels in the East, oppressed by grief, and weighed down with domestic calamity. He had lost his only daughter. Far, far away from the scenes of her infancy and childhood, from her father's own beautiful dwelling, from the trees and the moss, the vineyards and the fields, she loved so well; beneath another sky, and surrounded with many faces unfamiliar to her heart, she breathed her last sigh in the arms of her parents in the Holy Land, and her soul winged its happy flight to the heaven of her Saviour and her God. At the Chateau de St. Point, near Macon, in the centre of France, she had received her earliest and dearest impressions; and its solitary and romantic scenery was not forgotten by her, even when her light foot pressed the sward of holier and lovelier lands. "La terre natale" was beautifully sung by her father, in one of his delicious "harmonies;" and her young heart expanded under the genial influence of the kindly and noble sentiments which he possessed. With a passion for all

that was beautiful, good, just, and wise, that father had impregnated her character: and she was the reflected image of himself. But Julia died! She had traversed with him the regions of the East. She had beheld his fine heart bound with joy at the pious traditions of the scenes of our salvation. She had visited the shores of Malta, the coasts of Greece, the ruins of Athens, the plains and the mountains of Syria, and that Palestine so dear to the heart of every Christian. But Gethsemane was doubly hallowed to his soul,—for death snatched from him the being in whose existence and happiness the dearest hopes of himself and his wife were centered.

De Lamartine had returned to Paris, but his travels had preceded him. His grief had excited the love and the sympathy of multitudes of beings in all quarters of the globe. His tale of woe had been told, if not in every cottage, at least in many a dwelling of the poor, as well as of the rich; and the fact that he was a royalist, and opposed to the new order of things established in France, was wholly lost sight of, and he was regarded as the travelled Thane and the Christian poet. His fine active mind had been subdued by the loss he had sustained to a degree of humility and submission which was truly sublime; and those who are not well acquainted with the power of a cultivated and moral nature to throw off its grief, and to gird itself with strength and decision, would have imagined that De Lamartine could never again sing of beauty, of nature, and of love, but would become in principle a recluse. His wife, an English lady of good family, of benevolent and gentle disposition, and of well-informed and highly cultivated mind, had shared with him in the East all his sorrows, as well as all his enjoyments, and had returned to Paris bereft of the idol of their hearts' affection. To them the world had no charms. Tears and sighs, remembrances clad in mourning, and grief which knew of no mitigation, were their constant companions; and their friends looked on them as we are wont to do on objects blasted by lightning, and on trees riven by the storm. The sun appeared to shine in vain for them,—for she who loved the first golden rays of the morning now slept in her grave. True, her remains had been brought to France, but they were only the remains—the body without the spirit. The moon, that fairest companion of the night, disclosed in vain her charms for them; since she who delighted to wander in sylvan scenery, or on the bare and cold mountain, with her father as her guide and her teacher, could no longer ask his aid, or his counsels, and no longer applaud with her smiles or her tears the sweetest efforts of his muse. The landscape, with its varied scenery and multiplied attractions; society, with its excitement and its distractions; solitude, with its pensive thoughts and its self-examination; all appeared before them monotonous and sad,—for she was no longer the admirer of the landscape, the charm of society, or the companion of the lonely hour. Books had no delights for them. Pictures, the representations of the past, the present, and the future, were without beauty in their eyes; statues and marbles were but dull and lifeless blocks to them, since she who admired and appreciated them all, was now silent and cold as the marbles themselves. Public affairs they would not or could not converse about. They had scarcely a tear to spare for others—they had so many to shed for themselves; and though dynasties had been changed, old institutions of the first revolution revived, and a new state of things both moral, political, and religious, had come to life, De Lamartine and his admirable wife were evidently unaffected by the changes, and viewed them all as events with which they had nothing to do—and to which they were indeed bound to remain strangers. He had still in his absence been elected a deputy, and he hoped to perform the duties of his office, but with sorrow and with tears.

How unearthly is the human mind, how pure its breathings, and how bright, or, rather, spiritual, are its soarings, when thus brought by calamity, disappointment, and the ravages which death has made on those the soul loves, to view this world as a mere sojourn, life as a rapid journey, a fitful dream, and a day of sunshine and of cloud too speedy in its flight to be remembered; and when God alone seems capable of filling the vast desires of the soul, and the demands of a care-worn, a bereaved, and an empty heart! Then it is that life's chequer'd day is viewed in its true colouring; that the evils and the reproaches, the calumnies and the misrepresentations of the world, excite only pity, and commiseration—not amounting to scorn or to anger; and the pursuits of life are estimated by their real, not by their imagined worth. Then it is that the high destinies of our future being press themselves upon us in all their vastness and grandeur; and that we feel all the truthfulness of the declaration, "So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him, male and female created he them." This is not the period of false sensibility, of affected sentiment, of artificial or of feigned emotion. But such moments as those I have thus referred to in the life of De Lamartine, when not indulged in to such an extent as to become prejudicial to our mind's vigour, usefulness, and future efforts for the good of society, the great halting places in our lives; the summits from which we take a large and expansive view of the world about and around us; and they are the epochs most favourable to our moral, intellectual, and religious improvement. It is undoubtedly true that some thought the grief of De Lamartine excessive, whilst the vulgar and the worldly-minded stigmatised it as affected. But his friends only feared that its sincerity and intensity might have such an effect on his future efforts, as to render his poetry morbid or fretful, his character repining and discontented, and thus to withdraw him from those busy scenes of daily life where the force of his eloquence, the strength of his judgment, and the excellence of his example, might improve and bless mankind.

The publication of the Travels of De Lamartine in the East was a sort of epoch in French modern literature. It seemed like the restoration of Christianity after years of reproach, calumny, and persecution. For the Revolution of 1830 proclaimed "war against the priests;" and that, also, meant "war against the altar," at which they ministered. The palace of the archbishop had been pillaged; the literature of centuries was thrown into the waters of the Seine as too bad to be preserved, because it was the literature of the church; multitudes of priests had been attacked, insulted, and beaten. The remnant of

the old republican party of the last century now hoped to wreak its vengeance on the men and the clergy of the restoration. And, in one word, the goddess of Reason was again spoken of by the followers of Voltaire and Rousseau. But the book of De Lamartine came as a voice from the tomb; like fresh waters rushing to an arid desert; like the overflowing of the Nile; like flowers on graves; and beauty, fertility, and verdure, where rankness, poison and death had prevailed. Some read his book from a love for the wonderful, some for its poetry, others for its apparent romance, and multitudes became enamoured once more with a religion, with which were connected the glowing recollections of the Holy Land.

I know it will be replied that these were not the stern and strong characteristics of a truly religious state of public mind and feeling, and that there was much of poetry and imagination bound up with these emotions. This I grant very readily; but it was surely something to give a new direction to minds which were unoccupied with good, and which were busily set on doing evil. It was surely something to assist in checking the blind and mad fury of many for attacking churches, for destroying the ornaments and paintings of the cathedrals, and for razing to the ground all that remained of pious recollections of past ages. I feel certain that all the dragoons of Louis Philippe, and all the national guards of Lafayette, and all the active police force of Casimir Perier or M. Thiers, and all the reproaches of enlightened foreigners against the rioting and pillaging propensities of the modern plunderers of the Romish churches in France, would never even combinedly have effected so much of restraining and beneficial influence as did the work of De Lamartine on the East. The clergy once more showed themselves in the streets. The churches were reopened, many of which had been closed; the Christian temples were, as it were, re-adorned and re-consecrated; and every one said, "Why we, also, are believers in this same Jesus, and we know and love these scenes of Bethany and Jerusalem."

But De Lamartine was a deputy! A small though fortified town, named BERGUES, quite in the north of France, had, during his absence in the Holy Land, elected him their representative. It was at the period that all men were mad in France respecting what was quaintly called "ELECTORAL CAPACITIES." Talent, not property; mind, not wealth, rank, or influence, were to take the lead in the new Chamber of Deputies; and actors, physicians, poets, historians, newspaper editors, and "Feuilletonists," too, were to contribute of their intellectual riches, to the repository of national talent, and of popular declamation. The electors of Bergues were determined not to be outdone; and, ignorant that though De Lamartine was a poet and an author, he was also a landed proprietor and a wine-grower, they determined that they would not be outstripped on the score of "intellectual capacity" in their representative.

The next time I saw De Lamartine he was pleading for the abolition of the punishment of death at the tribune of the Chamber. "I am aware," he said, "that you are not prepared to abolish the punishment of death by a prompt and decisive resolution; but this supplies no argument against my pleading for its abrogation. It is the duty of those who plead for great principles to originate, as well as to conduct, a discussion. The real philosophical legislator is patient. He neither deceives himself nor others. He does not expect, that because he sees with clearness a principle, which all mankind have hitherto rejected, that his convictions are to be followed by the instantaneous conversion of others to his views. He knows, also, that although a principle may be good in itself, its application to large masses of society will not always be equally desirable. A nation might be sacrificed by the enforcement of abstract principles. In bringing forward, then, this question of the abolition of capital punishment, I am not about to set at nought the usages, customs, or even prejudices of a great nation. Society itself is a traditional work, and we must not touch the edifice with other feelings than those of respect and deference. We must think of the millions of lives, of properties, of rights, which repose in the shade of this vast and this secular edifice; and we must remember that even one stone rashly and inopportunistically removed may crush whole generations by the fall which will ensue. Our duty is not to curse, but to enlighten society. He who curses what he does not approve, does not feel what is his real duty, and shews that he does not comprehend society. The sublimest of all social theories which should teach insubordination, or revolt against the laws, would be, in the end, far less beneficial to the world than that respect and obedience which the citizen owes even to that which the philosopher condemns." These were hard and difficult sayings for a chamber of deputies principally composed of the men of the Revolution. Those men were for deciding the excellence of a system, and the morality of a theory, by the test of how many white and how many black balls were placed for it in the balloting-box! and would test truth, not by truth, but by numbers!

The next time I saw De Lamartine he had received from his own native town an invitation to represent it in the new parliament. This was indeed flattering; not that the electors of Macon were more enlightened, or royalist, or patriotic than those of Bergues, but as it is true that, generally speaking, a prophet hath no honour amongst his own people, it was complimentary to him, that those who knew him best were most anxious to be represented by him. The family of De Lamartine, indeed, is one of noble and honourable antiquity. In the memorial of the states of Burgundy his family was registered. The old chateau and estate of Monceaux have descended from generation to generation. At that very Macon which now De Lamartine represents, his relations were imprisoned for their faithful adherence to the cause of Louis XVI.; and the mother of the subject of this sketch hired a house near the prison that she might, from a window which looked over its gate, shew daily to his father their beloved child Alphonso through the bars of the goal. Faithful to the old Bourbon race, the De Lamartines would have all suffered for that fidelity at the close of the last century had not Robespierre expired. How true it is that time is the great revealer of mysteries, the mighty magician which reconciles all contradictions, clears up all doubts, and removes all obstacles; for here is De Lamartine, once the pining infant smiling at its imprisoned father through the prison gates of Macon goal, now representing, in the French Chamber of Deputies, the very same principles for which his father was incarcerated, and returned by the electors of that self-same Macon!

De Lamartine is one of the most zealous supporters of *La Société de la Morale Chrétienne* at Paris. It professes to amend the condition of the human species by the influence of Christian morals; and to reduce the number and character of the evils which spring out of the present condition of human society. This institution is one of the glories of France, and it has contributed more to her moral regeneration than all other associations combined. To its energetic and patriotic efforts France is indebted for the abolition of lotteries. The evils which lotteries engendered were as countless as they were demoralising. The smallness of the sums which could be deposited, and the large and tempting bribes which were held out by the government to the working classes as temptations to enabling, were of the most enticing character. In England, lotteries were bad enough, and the cause of public morals demanded their abrogation; but in

France the evils were quite of another class. In England the price of sixteenth parts was not low enough to be reached by the lowest of the working classes. But at Paris, so great were the temptations offered to the working classes to put into the government lotteries, that they might purchase a "simple extrait" on four out of ninety numbers for as low a sum as twopence-halfpenny; and the ticket for two francs, an "extrait," yielding (if only one number came up) fifteen times the sum deposited. Then if an *ambe*, or two of the numbers, came up, on which they staked their money, they received several thousand times more than their little investment. A "terne," or three lucky numbers, offered them 37,500 times more than the sum they risked; and if the whole four numbers made their appearance, 75,000 times more than the amount paid in, was given to the fortunate winner. But how rare was such an occurrence when contrasted with the millions of failures! Persons might deposit on one, two, three, four, five, or any number from one to ninety, and small sums of one penny or twopence on each; and the lotteries at Bordeaux, Lyons, Lillie, Strasbourg, Paris, followed with such rapidity, that the working classes had no sooner got over the excitement, success, or defeat of one lottery, than others in the very same week attracted new attention, and raised new curiosity, anxiety, and sorrow, or joy. It was at once curious and painful to watch the physiognomies of the parties surrounding the almost innumerable small lottery-offices at Paris, on the days of the various drawings of the provincial lotteries. When the weather was clear, and the telegraphs could work with effect and rapidity, the gamblers in lotteries knew full well within a few minutes when the news would arrive, and they waited round the offices in question in the respective districts of the metropolis in which they might happen to be for the moment, watching with the most breathless anxiety for the arrival of the messenger from the central office, with the numbers which had been just drawn. There they would stand with their tickets in their hands, and as the numbers appeared, their countenances would become dejected and mournful, or lighted up and joyous. When it is remembered that these lotteries were a source of the most positive and certain revenue to the government, it may well be imagined how seldom were the features of the wretched and uncertain watchers for good luck to be seen beaming with joy. But how many tens of thousands of disappointed, dejected, wretched countenances were to be beheld on the mornings of these lottery drawings, calculating one moment how they would expend their anticipated prizes; and a few seconds afterwards wholly ignorant where they should procure even their next meal of bread!

This is no ideal case, or one of but rare occurrence. Hundreds—nay, thousands—of such occurred every week, and so great was the infatuation of the provincial as well as the Parisian working classes for this species of excitement, that they would pawn all their smaller articles of finery and jewellery in order "to try their luck once more" in the Strasbourg, or some other lottery. The dearest heir-loom of a poor man's family, the jewel round which were centred a thousand dear and interesting associations; the new dress, or the new coat, which was purchased out of the savings arising from hour after hour of extra work and bondage; all—all would be taken to some *commissionnaire* of the "mont de piete," or great national pawning-bank, in order to raise money enough to purchase "one more ticket," which could be effected at as low a price as one shilling and eight pence!! Oh! the families that were ruined, and the hearts that were broken, and the peace that was disturbed, by these wretched lotteries! It would be impossible to record the number of suicides to which the fatal loss of the last two or three francs by lotteries led to in France! The working classes in that country, easily and cheaply excited by the "vin ordinaire," deteriorated by intoxicating drugs, having no principles to guide or to restrain them, and soon affected by the loss of their idol—money, had no object to pursue, no real and rational hope to sustain them, and having no religion to influence them, they resorted to suicide as to their only resource, and terminated (as they thought) with a pistol, or in the Seine, their sorrows and forebodings. I have witnessed some of these scenes of cheap gambling, of cruel disappointment, and of heartless and wretched suicide, or I should not dwell upon them.

When considering abroad, and when reflecting at home, on these evils and their causes, men like De Lamartine turned their attention to the best means of putting a stop to the vices which were generally admitted and deplored. Was it to be endured that a positive and regular portion of the revenue of the French government should be dependent on the success of such lotteries as these? Was the government of France to be allowed to be permanently dependent, even for one centime (the fifth part of a halfpenny) for its stated income on such sources of revenue as these? Some said, "Tax the gambling-houses to a greater amount." Others said, "Make the amount to be deposited for each separate lottery-ticket higher!" And, finally, the mass of those who loved gambling, urged that this "innocent game of the people" should not be taken away from them. Not so reasoned De Lamartine.

But De Lamartine addressed the powers of his mind and the energies of his heart to the removal of another evil;—it was to the overthrow of Parisian GAMBLING-HOUSES! It is quite impossible for any one who has not witnessed in all the length and the breadth of its hideousness the demoralising character of this national evil, to judge of the immense—nay, even incomprehensible good effected by De Lamartine and his friends, when they likewise procured the closing of the Paris gambling-houses. They were the scenes of such awful woes, of such certain and extensive ruin, of such excitement to the display of the very worst passions, and of so many and such awful deaths, that the closing of the Paris gambling-houses was an immense national good. I have visited expressly those receptacles of needy and unprincipled gamblers, that I might watch the effects of the lowest and most degrading of passions upon them, viz. that of the love of wealth. I have seen the boy, sent on his errand of business, enter with the five franc-piece of his master, risk two francs of the same; double, treble, and more than decuple the amount; but, not satisfied with his successes, he has remained behind in the hope of further multiplying his gains. What has been the result? All his first gains have been lost, all his hopes extinguished, his small and stolen capital has vanished, and he has rushed from the Palais Royal so incompetent to decide what should be his fate, that very—very often the next few minutes have found such a one a wretched and a miserable suicide. I have always watched, when I have entered these dungeons of misery for that purpose, with the most intense interest, alarm, and concern, my own countrymen, and especially those whose youth and experience rendered them doubly the objects of vigilance and anxiety. Many of them were medical students. They were sent to Paris with limited means to complete their anatomical studies. With prudence and good conduct those means were ample; but extravagance or gambling was out of the question. The first time they entered these establishments of "rouge et noir," they themselves often became "rouge" enough as they placed their first five-franc piece on the fatal board. But as success attended their exploits, they became flushed with victory, and looked bold and daring. If, perchance, good luck crowned their efforts during the first portion of the sitting, they sometimes retired with their booty, in order to convince others as well as themselves "that they knew when to leave off." But the first visit was soon followed by the second, and the second by the third, until

not only all their money had been consumed, but until all their books, anatomical instruments, watches, and every disposable article, had been sacrificed to gratify that appetite, which grows on what it feeds. Then anxiety, misery, debt, disgrace, have followed, and arrest for rent or board and lodging has ensued. It is useless to follow up the subject. Thank God, these Gambling-Houses have been for ever closed, and the municipality of Paris, and the government, no longer derive a portion of their revenues from the vices and disorders of society! But it must not be forgotten that it was greatly to the untiring efforts of De Lamartine, and his noble coadjutors, that this result is to be ascribed.

The position which De Lamartine first took on his entrance into public life he has not been able to maintain. He set out with a resolution not to become a party man: i. e., in the ordinary acceptance of the word party; and to be the chief of those who looked to the social evils of France, and sought to remedy them. I do not find fault with the change that has taken place, because in France it is really very difficult, if not impossible, to steer clear of party politics and of political partisanship. But yet the fact is the same. De Lamartine has become in his turn a colleague of Berryer, a supporter of Guizot, an approver of Count Mole politics, and, finally ("tell it not in Gath, and publish it not in the streets of Ascalon"), the most forward, bold, decisive opponent of that Conservative policy which himself and his party often pronounced to be the only one compatible with peace on the one hand, and with the honour and happiness of France on the other.

De Lamartine, as a poet, is the boast and admiration of his country; and he most unquestionably merits all the fame and popularity he enjoys. But his poetical attributes render him a fluctuating and indifferent statesman. To-day, he pleads the cause of Poland with fire and energy. To-morrow, he proclaims at the tribune the advantages of a close alliance between France and Russia. To-day, he pleads for the abolition of slavery, and, as the magical words drop from his lips, he rivets the attention and secures the suffrages of even an unwilling audience. To-morrow, he indignantly rejects the right of search, and tells the best and most honest minister France has known for a century, "You are unfit to govern. You are repugnant to the glory, interests, and nationality of France." And why? Because that minister, M. Guizot, will not violate the treaties which were deliberately signed with Great Britain for putting an end to that very slavery, of which he complains. He would arrive at the end without making use of the means. He would put down the slave-trade by visiting other vessels, and by seizing the lawless pirates; but he would not allow of similar searches being made on board French vessels.

Again: to-day he pleads with incomparable eloquence on the subject of the affairs of the East, and places before you "Turkey," a mere corpse, a body without a soul, a form without animation. He tells you that this is as it ought to be, that prophecy requires it, that the march of events will have it so, that Mahomedanism must be supplanted by the Christianity, and the Crescent by the Cross; and then, in his own poetic strain, he presents before you that cross, triumphing over all prejudices, and subduing eventually all things to itself. But, to-morrow, he pleads for French influence in Turkey, for French influence at Constantinople; and talks of the advantages of the Turkish alliance and the revival of olden times; and is angry with Sir Stratford Canning because he does not consent to be outwitted by the French ambassador; and the corpse of yesterday has been suddenly transformed into a valuable, living, acting, formidable ally.

Louis Philippe said, some few months ago, when De Lamartine still remained faithful to the moderate Conservative party of the new dynasty, and when threatened by the chiefs of the Anglo-phobia factions with a union against his government, "I suppose then, I shall be compelled to apply to M. De Lamartine to become my minister; and I may reckon myself very fortunate to have so honest and able a man to apply to." But Louis Philippe can say this no longer. After the late harangue of the poet in the Chamber of Deputies, he can no longer be regarded as a Conservative, but as one of the chiefs of a systematic opposition. Louis Philippe cannot confide in such a man. He might do well enough to run in the same political vehicle, neck by neck, along side of M. Thiers, and they might together hurl the national car with themselves over some fearful precipice; but De Lamartine has demonstrated that he is no statesman, and that he is without a clear, distinct, and accomplishable political system. He either knows not, or does not feel, that politics cannot be made a matter of imagination and feeling, but that the great nation must be treated without passion, prejudice, or poetry. Louis Philippe has very naturally some sentiments of affection for De Lamartine. Mademoiselle des Roys was the mother of the poet, and she was as good as she was charming. Her mother was governess to the royal princes, and brought up her daughter with the now King of the French, and with Madame Adelaide, his sister. The King of the French never forgets the associates of his earlier years, and the family of De Lamartine, at least on the maternal side, is regarded by him with respect and interest. Yet De Lamartine can never now become his minister.

Whoever desires to see this extraordinary man to advantage, should make a journey to Macon with a letter of introduction. There, in the neighbouring *Chateau de St. Point*, the author of the *Harmonies*, the *Meditations*, and the *Souvenirs*, will be seen as the man who has never made a personal enemy and never lost a friend. Gentle, noble, pure, serene, generous, kind, he will welcome the stranger to his interesting and antique dwelling, and amuse, delight, and improve him. His visitor will find him a glorious host, and an inimitable companion. His large heart admits within it all who are entitled to esteem and admiration, and he is ever ready to sympathise with human suffering, and to seek to provide a remedy for every woe. As a man and a friend he cannot be surpassed; as a poet he is unrivalled in France; as a statesman and politician he is most defective. Some would style him a "girouette."

And thus it is with the best of men! They mistake so often their own qualifications, and are in favour of their weaker points. For myself I can only admire and love De Lamartine, and wish him years of happiness and a life of delight, for his happiness is virtue, and his delight is to do good, and render others joyful.

ELLISTONIANA.

BY W. T. MONCRIEFF, ESQ.

THE SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER; OR, THE DOMESTIC DRAMA.

Though the greater part of the anecdotes related of Elliston had their birth in moments of occasional indulgence, or grew out of the necessity which so often occurred in his chequered career, of exerting his matchless powers to amuse an audience, in circumstances of emergency and dilemma, it must not be inferred that quite as many could not be recorded, detailing acts of liberality, kindness, and disinterestedness! but unfortunately, that which is amiable, is but too seldom amusing, and the relation of good actions does not always furnish good anecdotes. Nevertheless, as it is the true spirit of Mawworm-ism to denounce as gross and sinful, all that may move the rigidity of its muscles, and

as some individuals may be weak and gratuitous enough to question the quality of Ana, purely humorous, a virtuous anecdote, of which it is presumed, no one will dare to impugn, shall be recounted.

If the great lessee occasionally practised on the credulity of the public, it was in him almost excusable, he had not only sacrificed in its service the hard earnings of years of unremitted exertion in the exercise of his rare talents, but had also expended a very respectable private property, or, as he delighted to term it, "a princely fortune!" and if he sometimes indulged over much, all experience has shown, that excitement and exertion, such as those which he nightly went through, are not to be sustained by mere teetotalers' fare. But to the anecdote.

Occupied one morning during his leaseholdship of Drury Lane, in his penetralia, at Stratford-place, his studies were interrupted by the announcement that a stranger, a young lady, earnestly solicited the favour of a short interview. To a man of Elliston's natural gallantry, the sex and youth of the applicant insured an instant admittance.

She could scarcely have seen eighteen summers, and was exquisitely beautiful; but it was evident to the most cursory observer, that "sorrow her young brow had shaded." Her form, though graceful, was fragile, and her deportment, though possessed, was subdued; her scanty and somewhat homely attire, while it evidenced much taste, and was worn with even an air of elegance, bore traces of necessity and privation that could not be hidden.

"To what am I to attribute the honour of this visit?" said the actor, much prepossessed with his visitor's appearance, and gallantly handing her a chair.

"I come unknown and unpatronized, sir," said the fair stranger, timidly, "to solicit an engagement in your theatre; I am not ambitious—the most trifling remuneration would more than meet my expectations. I have been liberally educated, and may be pardoned, observing, that in the accomplishments of music and dancing, I am considered to be more than commonly proficient."

Here the fair girl blushed deeply.

"Aha! an engagement!" cried Elliston, charmed with her manner; "but have you well considered what it is you ask, my dear young lady? The stage is an arduous arena, only to be trodden with success by the gifted few. I, myself, did not at once achieve perfection in it!"

"I am aware of its difficulties, sir," said the young lady, modestly; "but I have studied, and I had hoped—"

"Well, well, what is your line, tragedy or comedy?"

"Both, sir," said the applicant, casting down her eyes.

"Juvenile, of course," remarked Elliston. "Good; you must give us a taste of your quality. You are doubtless up in *Juliet*?"

"I have committed that character, with some others, to memory, sir."

"Then we'll have a love scene at once."

The poor girl trembled. The actor noticed her agitation.

"Do not be alarmed," said he, "there shall be no audience. I am aware of what it is to play before me! but we will do away with all that, I will be your *Romeo*. The world has given me some credit, I flatter myself, for my performance of that character. Yes, you, come, we will have the garden-scene. You must suppose this chair the balcony; you can lean over it. If it were night, I would light my shaded lamp here for the moon, the ground-glass would do capitally. Come, we will begin at once; I will give you the cue.

But soft! What light through yonder window breaks!

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun! &c. &c."

After some hesitation, and much embarrassment on the young lady's part, the scene was gone through; but though poor *Juliet's* reading of her part was highly intellectual, and fraught with sensibility and delicacy, it was easy to perceive there was a want of physical power, an innate timidity that would have rendered the chance of success in public more than doubtful. Elliston of course discovered this, and resolved to try her in comedy. She had mentioned *Beatrice* as one of the parts with which she was acquainted.

"*Benedict* is reckoned by Mrs. E. and the public, to be one of my most happy efforts, I believe," said Elliston, and immediately proceeded to try over a few passages of Shakspeare's charming comedy, but the brilliant flashes of wit of the wayward *Beatrice* were clouded with a tender sadness by the fair candidate, that marred much of their effect, and proved so infectious, that even Elliston felt its influence, and never perhaps acquitted himself with less gaiety. It was, indeed, "Much Ado about Nothing" with both of them.

"Your reading is highly sensible and replete with feeling," said Elliston; "but allow me to ask, my dear young lady, without offence, what can possibly be your motive for wishing to go upon the stage?"

The would-be heroine in vain attempted to answer him. After two or three strong efforts, she burst into a flood of tears.

"I will not distress you," said Elliston, deeply moved; "compose yourself, we will speak of this no further now; leave me your address, and though I am at present perfectly overwhelmed by the multitudinous claims I have upon my attention, I pledge you my honour, that within two or three days at farthest you shall hear from me, we will then see what can be done. You say a few shillings per week would satisfy you?"

"The smallest sum would be most grateful, sir."

"Well, well, when so fair a petitioner humbly sheweth, the Lord Chamberlain, Byron, the committee, the press, and the public, must remain in abeyance."

The young lady gave her address, Miss * * *, No. —, * * * Buildings, and with a profusion of thanks retired, agitated by hope and fear, but still greatly reassured by Elliston's kind manner.

From a few inquiries which he caused on her departure to be immediately made, the great lessee soon learnt that the fair applicant was the daughter of a gentleman, who had once been an officer of some rank in the army, but who, from experiencing a heavy loss at play, had been reduced to sell his commission; subsequently attacked by severe indisposition, he had fallen into great exigence, and only owed existence to the tender cares of the motherless young creature, whose object in applying for an engagement, was doubtless with a view to her father's continued support. On obtaining this information, our manager lost no time in appointing a second interview with the fair votary, which was punctually attended.

"I have been considering, my dear young lady, since we last met," said Elliston, thoughtfully, after the usual salutations, "the subject of your wishes. I confess I cannot exactly see you at the moment as a tragedian. You will pardon me, but you appear to me to want the terrible grandeur, the sublime majesty of a Siddons; nor would you seem to possess the pathetic force and intense depths of an O'Neil. Again in comedy, my perception is alike at a loss. I cannot fancy in you the joyousness of a Jordan, the sprightliness of a Duncan, or even the rich ripeness of a Mellon; but in the *domestic drama*," and here he resumed his natural manner, "in the domestic drama, I think, you are eminently qualified to interest, if not positively to shine."

The poor girl's eyes glistened with a purer, brighter water than diamond ever boasted, at these cheering words, but emotion kept her silent.

"Yes," continued Elliston, his voice becoming more softened, "it is the domestic drama to which I should desire to confine you, and there is one part I wish you to play, you have rehearsed it frequently, I know; and I should say, are perfect in it—it is that of 'The Soldier's Daughter.'"

The poor girl was all amazement; she, however, sought no explanation, but expressing her thanks in the warmest terms her feelings would permit, she falteringly ventured to ask when her engagement would commence.

"This very instant," said Elliston, gently taking her hand.

"And when am I to make my appearance, sir?"

"To-night."

"In public, sir?"

"No, in private!"

"Private! At what house, sir?" asked the astonished girl.

"At No. —, * * * Buildings!" answered Elliston, with a tender impressiveness of manner that had its full effect. "Yes, my dear young lady, be not surprised, it is in *private*, where hitherto you have so ably performed, that I wish you still to act, continue to support the character you so admirably have sustained. Heavily burdened as my treasury is, and it is heavily burdened, most heavily—here he gave a very natural sigh—"you may send to it every Saturday with confidence, a guinea will be waiting for you; it is a small sum doubtless, but it is only provisional till something better can be done for you. I have spoken to a lady, Mrs. Elliston, who has promised her patronage. Under her auspices, some path more genial to your talents than that which you had selected, shall soon be opened for you. All truth and nature as you are, the mimic scene is no scene for you—enough, that you must tread the bustling stage of life! Not a word," perceiving the amazed young lady was vainly endeavouring to give utterance to her feelings. "The world has been too apt to call me a thoughtless, rattling fellow; some persons have even doubted my competency to play the drama of Shakespeare! Leigh Hunt, it is true, thinks well of me in tragedy; but in our little domestic drama of this morning, whatever may be their opinion in other respects, I would fain hope, every one will allow that I have, for once, proved myself a tolerable good actor, and that is all I care for."

Who that ever knew or heard of Mrs. Elliston, does not know that she was as amiable and generous, as she was accomplished and graceful, and had a mind that fully corresponded with the perfection of her person. She earnestly and willingly seconded the intentions of her talented husband.

Nobly did the duteous daughter continue to perform the filial part which Elliston so generously had secured to her in the domestic drama of private life, and well she rewarded. In a very short time the discriminating sympathy of Mrs. Elliston installed Miss * * * in a lucrative situation, which she long filled with pleasure, and profit to herself and her protectress, and to the entire satisfaction of the warm-hearted, though eccentric comedian.

THE DEVIL AMONG THE BAILIFFS!

Generally liberal and confiding, or as some have said, profuse and thoughtless, Elliston, like most men, engaged in a variety of speculations, ample as his resources were, was not without occasional visits from these shoulder-knots of society, John Doe and Richard Roe. Not always being in a situation to tell the sheriffs' officers, in the words of Barnwell, that he was ready, his presence of mind was frequently called into requisition to escape from them. Many whimsical scenes were, in the early part of his career, the consequence of this necessity. In later days, an understanding was mutually entered into between the comedian and these gentry, by which much annoyance was avoided on either side. One anecdote of his collision with these "horrible monsters, hated of gods and men," is too amusing to be passed over.

At the outset of the comedian's career in London, during his first engagement at Drury Lane, he took a benefit towards the close of the season at that theatre, and amongst other novelties, announced that the entertainments would conclude with the grand serious pantomime of "Don Juan," in which he was, for the first time, to sustain Palmer's favourite character of the *Hero*, a part he was eminently qualified to fill.

As it was well known the house would be a bumper, all who had any pecuniary claims on the *beneficiare* were on the *qui vive*. Amongst others, a close cutting tailor, who had a small demand of some 60*l.* for improved habits, vests, and unmentionables, thought this would be a favourable opportunity to bring his account to a close. He consequently transferred to Ratford, the well-known sheriff's officer of Carey-street, the task of looking after Elliston's person, by instructing his attorney to issue out a writ to have the actor's "body brought to answer him before our Sovereign Lord the King, at Westminster," on a certain day therein named.

The house, as expected, was on the night in question completely crowded. Elliston was in high spirits. The comedy went off delightfully, and all was expectation for the afterpiece. At length the curtain drew up for the representation of the "Spanish Libertine's Adventures." Never had the amorous gallant been personated more perfectly. Elliston's mute eloquence of look and action were irresistibly seductive. It was during one of the most impassioned of the *Gay Don's* scenes, that the performer's attention was attracted by loud bursts of laughter from one part of the audience, and a volley of angry yells from the other. Looking about to ascertain what had caused this ebullition, he perceived on the O.P. side of the stage, that it proceeded from a thick-set, coarse-looking person, his chin half-buried in a pudding of a neckcloth, who, with a very bludgeon-like looking stick in his hand, and a vulgar grin on his broad rubicund face, was nodding and winking most familiarly to him at the wing. It was this person's having for a moment appeared in sight of the audience that occasioned the laughter and disapprobation alluded to.

Looking more attentively, for he at first doubted the evidence of his senses, Elliston soon recognised the unwelcome form of Ratford—at that time one of the principal "body-borrowers" of the sheriffs of London and Middlesex, and who, in the bustle of the benefit had contrived unnoticed to get admission for himself and follower behind the scenes, in order more securely to entrap his man, and nail, if possible, the debt and costs out of the proceeds of the benefit.

Instinctively shrinking from any contact with this inauspicious person, the actor resolved not to make his *exit* when he left the stage, at that side, though his part required him to do so, but to go off on the P. S. Turning for that purpose, what was his horror and astonishment at perceiving there another equally unwelcome person, Hulland, Ratford's brother-in-law and follower, and afterwards his partner, grinning and snivelling at him with equal satisfaction and good will on that side. Between these two fires Elliston resolved to brave the first.

"How do you do, Muster Elliston," said Ratford, tapping the comedian on the shoulder, as he subsequently came off, and cordially shaking his hand—a voluntary act on the part of this worthy, but generally an involuntary one in most of those with whom he had any dealings.

"Glad to meet you, got a small bit of a tickler for you," here he whispered confidentially into the annoyed actor's ear. "Only a trifle, merely a cool sixty—Tomkins the tailor—I have got a rattler outside—never mind taking off your finery here—my drawing-room is very snug—I've some capital madery—we'll make every thing comfortable, or, perhaps you'll down with the dibs—stump the Stephen—but then there's the office to be searched, so you must pass the darkey with us,—Mrs. Ratford will be delighted—charming woman, and very fond of all you actor chaps."

Disconcerted for a moment, but speedily recovering his presence of mind, Elliston replied, he should be very happy to accept Ratford's invitation.

"But my good fellow," said he, "are you not aware that the royal domestics are privileged, that you cannot arrest any of his majesty's servants while in the performance of their duty; for instance now, you would not arrest the king's coachman while driving one of the state-carriages, would you?"

"Sartainly not, Muster Elliston," said Ratford; "but what's that got to do with my lumbering o' you?"

"Every thing in the world," said Elliston. "If you cannot arrest the king's coachman while driving the royal coach, how can you think of arresting any other of his majesty's servants while conducting a royal stage. Look at the top of this bill—do you not see 'Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.—This evening *His Majesty's Servants* will perform,' &c. &c. Now, I am one of his majesty's servants; I am this evening performing and conducting a royal stage; how can you arrest me?"

"That's rather a stopper, sartainly," replied Ratford, struck all of a heap by the force of the argument; "but howsendeavour we'll make every thing agreeable. You won't be performing by and by, and then of course you won't be one of his majesty's servants, and then I grab you; so perviding you gives your honour as a gemmen, not to tip us the double by the back way here, vile you are on the stage, nor tries to cut your stick here by the front over the lamps and the fiddlers, vy, as Bob Hulland is ready to wait on you, on von side here, and I'm in attendance on the t'other, ve'll not make our caption till arter the performance; so you may go on with your little nonsense, and every thing in the world shall be made quivite pleasant, and that's vot I calls equivitable I should think."

It was *nolens volens*.

"Agreed!" answered Elliston, "I pledge my honour to the arrangement—the honour of Robert William Elliston. Let the performance finish without molestation, and if you think you can safely take me, why so be it; I will not resist, great Rusty—but, by the lord, I think you'll find yourself in the wrong box!"

Ratford was content to risk this, and the performance proceeded pleasantly enough till toward the conclusion, both the catchpoles highly enjoying it, and impudently making very free with the *figurantes* by sundry winks and pinches as they came off, much to their indignation.

The last scene but one of "Don Juan," is that in which the libertine gives a grand banquet to his ladies in his palace, having previously invited the statue of the murdered commandant to sup with him. This especially elicited the approbation of the two bailiffs; but what was their surprise and alarm, when the statue of the commandant appeared, and in turn invited the Don to sup with him, to see, as the Don accepted the invitation, and the statue seized him by the hand, both of them suddenly disappear through a trap—or in other words, vanish from sight into the "lower regions," beneath the stage.

"Done, by jingo!" cried Ratford, rushing on in great consternation.

"Stop—stop—no bolting!" cried Hulland, also rushing on, on the other side, totally forgetting audience and every thing else in the surprise of the moment.

A tempest of hisses, cat-calls, and loud cries of "Off—off!" manifested the astonishment and indignation of the audience at their strange appearance. The traditional apparition of the *thirteenth devil* in the same piece some years since at the Duke's Theatre, Lincoln's Inn Fields, could not have caused greater confusion.

The ladies and *Scaramouch* ran shrieking off, and the prompter's whistle changing the scene to the *INFERNAL REGIONS*, "a shower of real fire," incidental to the piece, immediately descended on the heads of the terrified bailiffs.

They would fain have flown, but their retreat was cut off on either side by a group of devils with their liquidodium torches, the flames of which, as no doubt had been preconcerted, they flashed in the faces of Ratford and his companion, while they were by no means sparing of applying their pitchforks to the bailiff's ribs. The gong sounded, the thunder rolled, the hail-box was rattled, and the wind barrel turned. Chased completely round the stage, the affrighted myrmidons of the executive began to think that all Erebus had really broken loose, all was noise, confusion, sulphur, and astonishment.

At length the curtain was let down to quiet the yells of the audience—the foot and side lights were suddenly turned off, and the bailiffs left on the stage amidst smoke and darkness—the devils, &c., retiring to their dressing-rooms to reassume their mortal habiliments.

It would have been well for Ratford and Hulland if their purgatory had ended here, but the scene-shifters having smelt out what sort of customers the intruders were, began very busily to exercise their vocation, and while one of them drove the poor bailiffs one way, by running the side of a house against them, another sent them back again by making them come in contact with half a forest—all through *accident* of course—and when they got clear of these, a fiery dragon, which suddenly descended on their heads from the flies, all but made them stretch their length on the boards.

Bruised, bumped, and confounded, it was some time ere they could find their way out of the theatre, and sneak off in the hackney-coach they had provided for their prey, who, meantime, coolly regaining his dressing-room, made his way through the boxes, and proceeded, with a noble lord, to enjoy a splendid banquet to which he had been invited, most ungallantly neglecting the company of Mrs. Ratford, and leaving her husband and his followers, minus their man. Nonsuited for that time at least, poor Tomkins, the tailor, who, as he remarked, thought it but a bad return for having before so very often suited him.

THE ASS'S HEAD.

There was a spice of waggery in spite of his mimic dignity in almost all that Elliston said or did; his enjoyment of humour was so genuine and relishing that he could not avoid having a fling even at his best friend, if an opportunity presented itself, but it was always in perfect good nature, his sarcasm was without bitterness, his raillery without malevolence; like a true comedian, his only object seemed to be to create a laugh, and such was his general sly drollery, that even those who were the objects of his laughter could not always avoid laughing with him.

Of this love of fun, a short correspondence which took place with a brother comedian and manager on the subject of borrowing an *ass's head* for a representation of the Stratford jubilee, will furnish a pleasant specimen.

In the spring of 1831, when producing a little piece at the Surrey theatre, called "Shakespeare's Festival," in which a representation of the Shakspearian pageant of that year at Stratford-upon-Avon was to be introduced—

Robert William found he had no ass's head for *Bottom*, the weaver, to put on in the *tableau vivant* illustrative of the "Midsummer Night's Dream;" he therefore applied to the friend alluded to, then holding the reins of government at Covent Garden, to borrow one from the well-stocked property-room of that theatre; the following was his letter for this purpose.

"Royal Surrey Theatre, April 18, 1831.

"My dear Charles,—We are getting up a representation of the Stratford Jubilee, and in the course of the pageant find ourselves at a loss for an ass's head in the *tableau vivant* of the "Midsummer Night's Dream." We absolutely have not such a thing as an ass's head in the whole establishment of the Surrey Theatre—Price, from whom we might readily procure one, is out of town, and the Haymarket will not part with theirs. In this nonplus, it has struck me that you must have more than one ass's head in Covent Garden, and can, without any loss to yourself, spare one; do, therefore, my good fellow, oblige us by return per bearer with our deficiency, and I shall ever 'Remember that your grace was bountiful!'

The very head and front of my request,
Hath this extent, no more.

"Yours very truly,

"ROBERT WILLIAM ELLISTON."

Whether his correspondent knew that Robert William was not very punctual in returning articles borrowed, or whether the receiver appointed by the Court of Chancery to take care of the property belonging to Covent Garden extended his cognizance to the stage-properties, and had laid his injunction against the management parting with any of their assine adjuncts is doubtful, but whatever cause might dictate it, the sovereign of the Surrey received the following answer.

"Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, April 20, 1831.

"My dear Robert,—It is very true that we have more than one ass's head in the Covent Garden property-room, and I know of no person whom I would more readily assist with one than yourself; but the fact is, my dear Elliston, that the affairs of the theatre are now in Chancery, and we do not feel ourselves authorized to trust any of our material out of our possession for ever so short a period, the more especially when we know not how soon we may have occasion for it ourselves. Your property-man, however, is at perfect liberty to take a pattern of our asses' heads whenever he chooses, the admeasurement from the specimens we have of the depth of our craniums, and the length of our ears (which have been so much admired) may perhaps assist him.

"Regretting much that I cannot consistently with my duty to myself and the other proprietors comply more fully with your request,

"Believe me, my dear Elliston, Yours, &c."

One less good humoured than Elliston, might have taken umbrage at this rather Midas-like refusal; but not so he, he kept his temper, and contented himself by taking his revenge in the following caustic rejoinder.

"Royal Surrey Theatre, April 21, 1831.

"My dear Fellow,—I have received yours, in which you tell me you have got your asses' heads in Chancery; this I am not surprised at, I only wonder such was not the case long before. I readily conceive you can ill spare them and would feel at a loss without them.

"I thank you for the offer to let my property-man (who, by the by, is one of the best in England) take a copy from your specimens, and have spoken to him upon the subject; he is acquainted with the capabilities of your heads, but says they are by no means *long* enough for the Surrey stage; he thinks also, they are too *shallow*, and too thick for our audiences; we have therefore determined to dismiss *Bottom* from our pageant in *toto*.

"By the by, we have an excellent fool's cap and bells in our stock, for which we have no occasion, they are very much at your service whenever you may require them—*verbum sap.*

"Yours very cordially,

"ROBERT WILLIAM ELLISTON."

It is almost needless to say there was no reply to this letter—it was suffered to close the correspondence.

MEDITERRANEAN SKETCHES.

MEDITERRANEAN SKETCHES, by Lord Francis Egerton. London: John Murray, Albemarle Street. 1843.

Lord Francis Egerton left England in the autumn of 1839. A sea-voyage had been recommended by his physician. He himself directed it in that route most attractive to every gentleman imbued with a love of literature, sacred and profane. After touching at Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, and Malaga, and visiting Seville and Grenada, he wintered at Rome, and on the 11th of April, 1840, sailed from Civita Vecchia to Malta. Thence his way led to Jaffa, and on the 28th of April he came in sight of land:—

"The land of Palestine! Yes, that blue ridge of distant mountain is the hill-country of Judæa, behind which the widowed queen still holds her squalid state. As it rises gradually above the horizon, and as the coast line itself becomes visible, the outlines of both appear monotonous, and fade away in distance on either side, without presenting any elevated object to attract the eye. We are too far to the southward for Carmel, Hermon, or Libanus. Jaffa itself is the only object of our search and pursuit, the solitary speck in the target before us, which we are anxious to detect and hit. The sensations produced by the very sound of such names as these are strange and powerful. I shall not soon forget them, but I am not about to attempt a description. They are such as must easily suggest themselves to the imagination of every educated man. They may be enhanced, with reference to the individual case, by the fervour of piety, the extent of acquirement, or the depth of Scriptural knowledge; but even he who reads Scripture to doubt must feel that the antiquity, the historic curiosity, and sublimity of the Volume, shed an interest over the scenes of the events it records which the first sight of no other country can afford.

"Though this spectacle presented itself to us at an early hour, and the breeze did not fail us, it was nearly dark before we could certify to our entire satisfaction the position of Jaffa; and we were obliged, most reluctantly, to abandon the hope of landing before night, under which we had strewed our deck with the preparations for our land pilgrimage—tents, saddles, arms, and the miscellaneous baggage of a numerous party."

On the following morning he set foot on the land of Asia. He says:—

"The entrance to the harbour, which affords about nine feet of water to the vessels of the country, and is sheltered by a vicious-looking reef, was rather puzzling. Jaffa is described by all travellers as a miserable town, which I do not dispute; but had I been compelled to re-embark at the shortest notice, the sight of it and its population alone would have repaid me for the voyage. The Moorish population of Gibraltar had afforded me some specimens of the richness and variety of Oriental costume; but here, with the exception of our own party, there was none of the formality and tameness of European attire to interfere with the general effect of the picture. The town is situated on a tolerably steep acclivity, and we ascended by lanes and winding stairs to the house of the consul, who received us with the most cordial hospitality. My first lesson in the East

was one of submission, for I nearly stove in the crown of my head against the lintel of its low entrance. I should recommend all travellers for the first week of their pilgrimage to adopt the thickest and best-stuffed turban they can procure, at least, if their stature be not below the average. It was arranged that we should dine at the consul's house, and depart in the afternoon for Ramla, so soon as camels and horses could be procured for our conveyance. Both were difficult to be obtained; and the latter was necessary to purchase, for the most part. As the heat was by no means oppressive, we were able to fill up the interval much to our satisfaction in perambulating the town, where the appearance of man and his works was alike new and exciting. My first visit was to the bath. Descriptions abound of the mysteries of these establishments. I have read none which exaggerate their horrors and their luxuries. The former character belongs to the swarthy and nude attendants, with their shaved heads and gaunt and muscular limbs, and to the vermin, which, in visible swarms, are attracted to the steaming and cavernous recesses in which the patient is manipulated. Nothing better deserves the name of luxury than the effect of the various agencies of horse-hair, soap, and flannel upon the sensations of a frame duly prepared for such operations by previous fatigue or excitement. It is unwise, however, to use these baths immediately upon strong exercise; and I believe many Europeans who, through ignorance or contempt for native experience, have done so, have suffered from fever in consequence."

His lordship speaks in terms of glowing admiration of his ride over the plain which extends from Jaffa to the first ride of the mountains. It was the spring-tide of the year and all was verdure and fertility; wild aromatics made the air heavy with perfume, and the orange-trees displayed themselves in all the grace and glory that would befit the garden of the Hesperides. He stopped for a night at the house of a famous robber, Abou Gosh, now no more, and whose family the pasha had compelled to relinquish their paternal avocations. Thence he proceeded onwards to Jerusalem, made familiar to us in facts by the narratives of many recent travellers, and in a sort of embodiment of an old poetic vision by the pencil of Roberts. Remembering the multitudes of pilgrims who had given their remarks to the world, in whose footsteps he trod, Lord Francis is sparing in his notices of the spots of sacred interest in the city, holy alike to Jew, Gentile, and Mahomedan. When he does offer an observation, it is, as might be expected from this very caution, wisely and eloquently put forth. The following passages relating to the tomb of Lazarus and the mount of Olives will be read with interest:—

"I rather regret that Lord Lindsay should have thrown reasonable doubt on the alleged position of the tomb of Lazarus. The cavity designated as such would well suit the mightiest and most affecting of our Lord's miracles on earth, next to his own blessed resurrection. The chamber of death lies deep, some forty steps, I think. Strong exertion of a human voice would be necessary to rouse from natural slumber one who was sleeping below. If it be an allowable exercise of our fancy to imagine the possible circumstances of such a scene, what a picture we may form to ourselves of the group around the entrance after the word of power had gone forth, watching—some doubtful, some confident—for the effect, and at last counting the steps of the summoned as they slowly ascend that winding stair! We rode back over the summit of the Mount of Olives, and enjoyed long, from the deserted convent on its summit, the finest and most comprehensive view of Jerusalem which any site can afford. The description of this view by M. de Lamartine is worthy of his talents. I have heard that eloquent and imaginative writer sneered at for giving something like credence to the tradition which makes the trees of the garden of olives coeval with our Saviour. If appearance could justify the theory of such a remote antiquity in any case, that of the olive in many regions, and of these few trees in particular, would do so; and I am not sure that men of science would be so much at variance with the poet in this particular as the laughers suppose. I do not, however, think these trees so large of their kind as some I met with between Ramla and Jaffa. Those near the Corniche road from Nice to Genoa are the largest I have seen in Italy, and are certainly inferior to those of Palestine."

It is now our duty to accompany the pilgrim to Jericho and the Dead Sea. The reader will hardly fail to recollect the grand opening of Scott's *Talisman*. But, noble as was the eloquence and lofty the inspiration with which the northern minstrel wrote of this terrible monument of God's wrath, it was written by one who saw it not; let us hear the sober truth from one of the most conscientious of all narrators. Lord Francis halted on his journey at the fountain of the apostles, a little beyond Bethany. Proceeding onwards, he says:—

"Five hours of hot and weary ride through the rugged defiles of the hill country brought us to the summit, from which the eye embraces the vale of Jordan, the plain of Gilgal, the Dead Sea, and the mountain-range of Moab. As each of these hours passed away to join company with those before the flood, the scene became more desert, vegetation more scanty. There was little or no risk at this period, for such a party as ours, from the violence of man in these defiles, which our Saviour selected as an appropriate scene for one of his most affecting parables, and where, in later times, many deeds of blood have been committed; among others, the murderous attack from which Sir F. Henniker scarcely escaped with his life. An adventure of a similar description, and very interesting in its details, is to be found in the Latin narrative of C. Furer, a German nobleman, who visited Palestine in 1565. He and three companions, travelling as monks, were assailed by Arabs on their return from the Dead Sea. The details of their danger and escape to Santa Saba are well told, and the whole work is worth perusal. The ascents are sometimes rude, and the track narrow and crumbling, but it presents no serious difficulties to horse or mule. The track once lost, indeed, even by day, a stranger would be embarrassed; and, by night, M. de Lamartine was perhaps fortunate to survive his adventure. In one of the narrowest of these defiles the rock overhung the path sufficiently to afford a moment's welcome shelter from the sun. Assaad reminded us of the allusions in Scripture to this incident of Eastern travel. Isaiah, xxxii. 2, is one of the most apposite:—'As rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.' A square tower rising from the plain, and embosomed in trees, was pointed out to us, by the name of the House of Zaccheus, as the site of ancient Jericho, and the place of our destination."

His lordship encamped on the supposed site of Jericho, where, as he states, from a bare knoll one solitary and blighted stem rises to remind the traveller of the title once belonging to Jericho—of the City of Palms! He goes on to the Dead Sea:—

"Emerging from the forest we reached the Salt Desert. Our horses' feet sunk deeper as we proceeded into the bituminous soil, and we at length found ourselves on the margin of the accursed lake. The sun was powerful, and the limpid waters looked inviting; but I did not dare to bathe: many have done so, and have found it as difficult to sink as Taghioni would find it to be awkward, or Sydney Smith to be dull. Recent travellers have stripped the lake of some of its fabulous horrors. It reflects the azure of a southern sky as truly as Como or Garda; birds fly over it with unflagging wing, and, if M. Ponjoulat was truly informed, fishes swim in it. I own, as in a case of hightreason, I

should like to have stronger concurrence of testimony to this fact, for surely it is treason against the laws of nature that animal life should be supported in such a medium. I tasted, though I did not bathe; and, to my fancy, a decoction of all the salts of a laboratory could scarcely be more horrible. It is more extraordinary still, if true, that an Irish gentleman, who embarked on this lake, and only regained the shore to die, should have been driven by any extremity of thirst to a draught of this hell-broth. This has been asserted by his surviving companion, a Maltese sailor, who was interrogated by Mr. Stevens. A later attempt to explore the lake and ascertain its mysterious geography has been, I believe, more successful. What will not England achieve, especially by water? And yet, as far as I know, the gentleman who performed this feat, and who, I believe, brought science as well as enterprise to the task, has published no record of it. The lake has lost its Stygian reputation for colour; but its other features of characteristic sublimity remain such as Mandeville could not exaggerate. The term Cities of the Plain is apt to mislead one's notions—at least, it long misled mine—of the sea which covers them. My early conceptions had been of a sheet of water in an extensive flat like the Zuyderzee. It occupies, in fact, a trough between two parallel ranges of arid mountain."

Lord Francis has only published extracts from his journal. A diffidence which the value and interest of those extracts—a value and interest which no man can read them without appreciating, and ought to be ready to acknowledge, would, we trust, remove—has prevented him from putting the whole of his journal into print. If, then, we transfer our readers abruptly from one subject to another, let it be understood we are only following his lordship. Some highly curious and instructive remarks are made by him about the camel, an animal in whom we of the British empire are only less interested than the Arab of the desert. Yet shameful it is how little we know of its natural history. Adventurous travellers enough we have, but few, in comparison, who possess sufficient information in quality, degree, and variety, to give us any thing like the full benefit of their observations and researches. Of late years, too, since the facility of exploring distant regions has been so wonderfully increased, the multitude of English travellers are of those who visit foreign parts for amusement or excitement alone, and of those who write the greater number do no more than record their personal adventures, impressions, and opinions, the sights they have seen, and the individuals they have encountered, and this is not always instructive, however agreeably it may enable you to while away an idle hour. Lord Francis observes:—

"I believe that no certain evidence has been furnished of the existence of the camel in a wild state. Djemahl, the Arabic name for camel most in use out of the 600 which that language is said to possess, thirty of which are certainly in common use, also signifies beautiful. When the young ladies of Hasbya became troublesome by their incursions, I asked my interpreter for a term of compliment, and he suggested this. It had the effect I expected, for they giggled and retired. Many of them deserved the title. It is said that vague reports have been brought of its existence in a wild state, by negroes from Central Africa. Mr. Moorcroft, in his journal, mentions a two-humped camel as among the wild animals of Khoten, a district of Chinese Tartary. The camels, he says, are generally brown, sometimes white, and have two humps. They are large and swift of foot, and are hunted for their flesh, which is eaten and much relished by the natives; and for their wool, from which a kind of cloth is fabricated. If this account be accurate, it is probable that the original habitat of the Bactrian camel is to be found in this quarter of Asia; but it is to be observed that Mr. Moorcroft did not penetrate even to the frontiers of this country, and derived his information from the traders of Ladak. It is not probable that, from the time of Marco Polo, any European has explored this remote province; but a considerable commerce is carried on by it with Russia by Nogai traders, and Russian men of science might, therefore, find opportunities for verifying the information of Mr. Moorcroft on a point so interesting to naturalists. Mr. Moorcroft says that considerable commercial intercourse once prevailed between Khoten and Hindostan; but that it has been reduced by political changes to a very limited traffic with the Punjab, through the Chinese province of Yarkand and Ladak. These little-known districts beyond the Himalaya would be likely, if investigated, to add to our zoological catalogues. One species of quadruped hitherto undescribed, of the quagga species, but more nearly related to the horse, called the kiang, was seen and shot at by Mr. Moorcroft, but he obtained no specimen. Lord Hastings was firmly convinced of the existence of the unicorn in Thibet. The description he received from a native chief, who made a rough drawing of it, coincided singularly with that of Pliny, who says, 'cauda apro similis.' The chief's account was, that the animal's tail curled like that of a pig; the horn, he said, was flattish, and slightly curved, like his own sabre. He described the animal as very fleet, generally timid and gregarious; that young ones were sometimes caught, but that this was dangerous, as the herd would attack in their defence; and that an old one was seldom obtained, except by placing hunters in holes dug for the purpose, and sending parties to frighten the herd in that direction. Such was Lord Hastings's account to me, and belief with respect to the existence of a species of horse with a single horn on the forehead, the physical possibility of which has been denied by the best authorities."

It is odd in how many strange particulars the testimony of the early travellers, Marco Polo, Mandeville, and the rest, has been corroborated by modern investigation. Without yielding our belief to Lord Hastings's conviction, we certainly see no difficulty in conceiving that there may be such an animal as a unicorn, when we know there is such an animal as the rhinoceros. Lord Francis, we apprehend, would accompany us to this length fully.

On his way to Tiberias, Lord Francis met with an Arab chief on an Arab mare of pure breed, "the finest he had seen in his travels." She was not, he says, of that silk-coated, showy, lithograph class described in M. de Lamartine's glowing language; but more like a powerful, well-bred English hunter, with hocks that would have helped her through a Lincolnshire fallow, and clean and sinewy fore-legs. The guide was of opinion the owner would not part with her for less than £200, and Lord Francis was of opinion she was worth the money. In the course of his journey he encamped above Hasbya. A magnificent tree afforded shade for his largest tent, and more than one fine spring bubbled within a few yards distant. During the oppressive heat, this spot was a little paradise. The hot wind was terrible; yet at the same time and during its prevalence, a muleteer (to shew how near extremes were to meeting in that fierce climate) arrived with a load of snow, which sufficed to cool the wine and water of the party during their stay. His lordship says,—

"All accounts concurred in describing the heat we have endured as without example for the season, and rare this height in July or August. We were visited here by a Christian chief or prince, of very interesting appearance and handsome mild physiognomy, and, as I was told, of a family whose genealogy is counted back for many centuries. He was superbly mounted, and followed by one attendant and a beautiful greyhound of the long and silky eared breed, which we called Persian. Stripped of feudal authority by Mehemet Ali, he consoled himself with the sports of the field, which, as the Pasha's disarming

measures had not been extended to this neighbourhood, he was still allowed to enjoy. He was just returned from a hunting expedition to the valley of the lake Houle. He said that his horse had been positively forced back by the hot wind, and that in the night the party had been compelled by it to break up a bivouac, and regain the upper grounds with all speed.

"The conflux of natives to the Frank stranger's camp, though highly amusing, from the richness and variety of the costume of the three sects, which seem much mingled here, was at times oppressive. Besides the population of the neighbouring village, the parties from Hasbya, who came up and established themselves for the day to stare at us, were numerous, and comprised probably the whole beauty and fashion of that place. The race is a fine one, and there was no lack of the former commodity. One young woman evidently, by the value of the jewellery she wore, a person of rank, was as lovely a creature as eye could behold. She had walked up from Hasbya; but had met with some repulse in approaching Lady F.'s tent, and, not having the persevering impudence of others, was mourning her hard fate apart when I heard of her case, and procured her the introduction she desired and deserved. The Druse young ladies behaved unfairly, pressing noisily and eagerly upon our privacy, but playing every trick of coquettes with their veils whenever we returned their fire. I found the best receipt at last was to sketch them, when they usually giggled and fell back. One, however, stood the shot, holding her horn on high, and seated like a queen on a throne of loose stones, one bare leg protruding from her drapery below, her silver bracelets shining in the sun, and her dark eyes still brighter flashing over the veil she held up—foolish woman!—to her pretty nose. Another Druse lady, who visited Lady F., consented, without difficulty, to disclose the mysteries of the horn, and, removing its veil, shewed us the manner in which it was fastened and worn. The visitor, a handsome and stately woman, besides the silver bracelets and other ornaments of that metal commonly worn, wore jewellery and precious stones of some value. As Franks, and especially as English, we had little right to complain. How would a provincial town in England behave to a New Zealand chief in full costume? or how did London behave to the Cossack of 1814?"

The insurrection was now raging, and our travellers were obliged to resign the prospect of visiting Damascus. Baalbec they did visit. On their way they halted at the convent of Mar Elias, seated on a rugged and rocky eminence, commanding a magnificent prospect towards the coast. The building includes two establishments,—the one Maronite, the other Greek. As the monks of the former could not, according to their rule, receive ladies, the party were obliged to take up their quarters with the Greek. The narrative states,—

"We were sitting on the flat roof of beaten and rolled clay, enjoying the magnificent spectacle of sunset, when the heavy thump of distant cannon-shot arrested my attention. Our situation afforded us a view of the town itself, and it was clear that no engagement was going on there; but we conjectured rightly that the mountaineers were attacking the lazaret, and that one of the Pasha's vessels had stood in to the shore to support the Albanian garrison with their artillery. The vessel, in fact, at first hidden by the intervening banks of the mountain, soon sailed slowly into sight, discharging her cannonades in succession; and at times a long flare of musketry smoke would rise above the ridge, shewing that the mountaineers were pressing the place. This continued till dusk, and we retired to bed uncertain of the result. It turned out, as I afterwards heard, very nugatory. I believe the assailants succeeded in shooting one Albanian, and the brig in once hitting the building it endeavoured to defend. I never heard of any other damage from its fire."

The journey to and from Baalbec was accomplished in safety, save that Lady Francis's horse was knocked up, and had to be abandoned in a dying state. Sickness, too, preyed upon his lordship. The people at Baalbec treated him with Christian kindness:—

"My kind entertainers, distressed at my adventures of the preceding night, had fitted up for me a bed in the open air under a shed on the roof, in which I slept as well as illness would allow. They had ransacked the pharmacies of Zaclai also for simples, which they hoped might be of service. Man could do no more to relieve his brother, and many were their entreaties to me to prolong my stay, i. e., to turn them out of house and home, and live at free quarters on their resources during the pleasure of a stranger. Such was the conduct of the men,—conduct accompanied with all that delicacy of manner could do to recommend it. The women, I am sorry to say, presented a contrast to the politeness and exquisite good feeling of their masters. I mention this contrast, because it illustrates that abject condition of the sex in Syria, from which it must be gradually elevated before missionaries, or any body else, can effect any real improvement in the general condition of the country. Their curiosity was not only childish but brutish: while their male relations were treading softly for fear of disturbing us, they were trying to beat down the door of Lady F.'s room, and encircling her whenever they could find an opportunity, with an idiot stare on their countenances; and these were the ladies of best condition in the place."

He subsequently states, simply and in excellent taste and feeling,—

"We regained the Convent of Mar Elias in good time the following day, and here I was obliged to remain, and despatch a messenger for our doctor, who arrived in time the next day, as I believe, to save my life. My situation only brought out in fresh lustre the virtues of my friends. The superior lost all sense of dignity in administering to my comforts."

"Who'er has travelled life's dull round,
Whate'er his journeys may have been,
Must sigh to think that he has found
His warmest welcome at an inn."

"The author of these libellous lines had probably as much right from experience to publish them, as the road from London to the Leasowes could convey to an elderly twaddler ensconced in a postchaise. He had no Druse visiting acquaintances, and assuredly never slept in the convent of Mar Elias. Travelling usually with my house on my back, I have myself had no further experience of Eastern hospitality than on the few occasions I have enumerated; but never, from the time of the angels in Scripture to that of Mungo Park, did wayworn travellers find reception more cordial and active in its hospitality, than I on those the only occasions on which I tried it. And let not any one cavil at the motive for its exercise. The offer of money remuneration would have been an affront. In the case of my Druse entertainers I found great difficulty in forcing on their acceptance a few articles of European manufacture, which I fortunately had the means of leaving behind me; and the younger had been so lectured by his brother, that I had to slip a knife as well as I could into one of his capacious pockets. With my Christian entertainers I was reduced to satisfy them and my own conscience by promises. Fortunately an Englishman's word passes as yet in Syria like a banknote in London; and I hope the time may be distant when the value of such a currency shall be depreciated. With this wish I bid a traveller's adieu to this kind and interesting people. I fear that the long night of suffering, and ignorance, and oppression, has not yet passed away; that they have

yet much to endure before a steady government, with education and commerce in its train, can develop their better qualities, and call forth the rich resources of their soil. Still I trust that some streaks of the dawn are discernible in the efforts of American missionaries, and in the bent and direction of England's policy."

We most cordially concur in the wish breathed in the last passage.

In dealing with the honest, unpretending extracts from his lordship's journal, we have not for a moment attempted to play the critic. We have given passages of incident and information to our readers from his lordship's store, and we expect they will receive them as we did upon perusal—thankfully. And now we close our extracts and notices of Lord Francis's little work; but we quote some passages from De Lamartine's travels now lying by our side:—

"About half a league from the town towards the west, the Emir Fakardin has planted a forest of pines upon a sandy plateau, which spreads itself between the sea and the plain of Baghdad, a handsome Arab village at the foot of the Lebanon. The Emir, I was told, planted this magnificent forest as a rampart against the invasion of the immense hills of red sand which rise a little farther on and which threatened to overwhelm Beyrout and its rich plantations. The forest has become superb. The trunks of the trees are from sixty to eighty feet high, and perfectly straight; and they touch one another with their wide-spreading heads, which cover an immense space with their shadow. Paths of sand wound along the trunks of the pines, and afford the softest surface for the horses' feet. The rest of the ground is a light downy greensward, interspersed with flowers of the brightest red. The bulbs of the hyacinths are so large as not to be crushed when trodden upon by the horses. Through the colonnades formed by the trunks of those pines you see, on the one hand, the white and reddish sand-hills which interrupt the view of the sea; and, on the other, the plain of Baghdad, and the course of the river in that plain, and a corner of the gulf resembling a small lake, so completely is it enclosed by the horizon of the land, and the twelve or fifteen Arab villages scattered over the last slopes of the Lebanon; and, lastly, the groups of the Lebanon itself, which form a curtain to that scene. The light is so bright, and the air so clear, that you distinguish, at the distance of several leagues, the forms of the cedars or the crab-trees on the mountains, or the huge eagles swimming without moving their limbs in that mountain of ether. This pine wood is certainly the most magnificent of all the scenes that ever I beheld in my life. The sky, the mountains, the snow, the blue horizon of the sea, the red and funeral horizon of the desert of sand, the meanders of the river, the solitary heads of the cypresses, the bunches of palm-trees scattered over the country, the graceful appearance of the cottages covered with orange-trees, and with vines drooping from the roofs,—the austere look of the lofty Maronite monasteries, throwing broad patches of shade, or large jets of light on the perpendicular sides of the Lebanon, the caravans of camels, laden with merchandise, from Damascus, passing in silence between the trunks of the trees,—troops of indigent Jews mounted on asses, holding two children in each arm,—women shrouded in white veils on horseback, marching to the sound of the fife and tambourine, surrounded by a crowd of children dressed in red stuff bordered with gold, and dancing before their horses,—a few mounted Arabs running the djerid around us upon steeds whose manes literally sweep the ground,—groups of Turks seated before a coffee-house constructed of boughs, smoking their pipes, or saying their prayers; a little farther off the desert hills of endless sand, tinged with gold by the rays of the evening sun, and from which the wind raises clouds of scorching dust; lastly, the dull roaring of the sea mingling with the musical sound of the wind in the heads of the pines, and the notes of thousands of unknown birds,—all these together present to the eye and the mind of the spectator a combination the most sublime, the most delightful, and, at the same time, the most melancholy that ever intoxicated the soul. It is the scene of my dreams to which I shall not fail to revert every day."

This is an exquisite piece of poetry in prose. One great charm is in its minuteness and accuracy, without the use of a redundant expression.

MY OLD MESSMATES.

BY JONATHAN OLDJUNK, ESQ.

Who is there of the bold Powerfuls of ninety-eight that does not well remember blithe Harry Brounker,—the torment of the First Lieutenant, who yet loved the lad for his excellent qualities, and the darling of the ship's company, who gloried alike in his gallantry and mischief? He was a youth of singular agility, and, being an admirable swimmer, had on three occasions risked his own life to save his fellow-creatures from drowning. One was a little youngster of the first class, whom Harry had taken under his own especial protection,—that is, to instruct him in all sorts of daring and devilry, and to thresh him with his colt two or three times a day, purely out of regard for his health and promotion, as, being diminutive, he declared that a good colting, skilfully applied, would stretch his skin, and give him more room to grow. It happened upon the Mediterranean—the hands had been turned up "to mischief," and the Midshipmen, generally the most monkeyified of the whole, were skylarking to their heart's content, when little D—, who had hid himself in the mizen chains, slipped overboard. Harry was standing near the taffrail at the time, and heard the faint cry of the youngster as he fell. Without a moment's hesitation he sprang into the quarter-boat, saw the boy as he passed astern, and, though the ship was going more than seven knots, he plunged in after him, and succeeded in getting hold of and keeping him afloat. By the time the accident was discovered, and the ship rounded to, she had got at least a mile and a half away from the swimmers, and darkness was rapidly coming on. In lowering the larboard quarter-boat, in the hurry incidental to such an occasion, she was swamped, but the Captain's coolness restored order, and the cutter being lowered from the starboard quarter, was instantly manned and pulling for the spot where Harry and his young charge could be only indistinctly seen. As soon as the occurrence was known below every mess-berth was instantly cleared, and the shrouds, tops, and bulwarks were crowded with the people, who watched with breathless anxiety the progress of the cutter, and the efforts of Harry to keep himself and his burthen from sinking. The ship made a short reach, and was then tacked, to get more to windward, that not a moment might be lost in picking up the boat, and rendering succour to the bold Midshipman and his young friend, and never was greater alacrity shown in swinging the yards—in fact, they seemed to fly round, and the old craft, as if sensible of the emergency, stayed within her own length. Again every eye was bent on the boat and on the gallant young officer.

"Give them a cheer," said the Captain, "it will keep their spirits up. Boatswain's-mate, pipe for a cheer."

Up rose the simultaneous shout of encouragement from between five and six hundred voices. We could hear the boat's crew cheering in response, and unrestrained communications passed amongst the people and the officers as to the probable results.

"He is not striking out," said the Purser, as he directed his spyglass towards Harry, "surely the poor fellow must be getting exhausted. Why doesn't he strike out?"

"Simply because he knows better," replied the Master; "if it was you now, Purser, you'd be floundering and spluttering like a bull-whale in his flurry, and you'd hardly give yourself time to overhaul a remembrance of false accounts and overcharges. But that lad's got a clear conscience and a seaman's eye,—he sees that the cutter is nearing him fast, and in consequence don't waste his strength. They'll be saved, never fear."

"God grant it," implored the Chaplain. "Oh that the hand of the Almighty may be stretched forth, to snatch them as brands from the burning."

"Brands from the burning!" repeated the Master, looking at the parson with astonishment. "Well, I'm blessed, but a taste of the galley fire would be about the best thing they could have just now. It's queer logic you're chopping."

"Oh! that they may have faith to trust in Him who is alone able to rescue them from death," continued the Chaplain, disregarding the observations of his messmate.

"Faith," repeated old Soundings, "faith—why what would you have? Saint Peter, as you sometimes spins a yarn about in your sermons—Hurrah, in the cutter, give way, my lads! Hold on, Brounker!" he shouted, and then went on more quietly, "I was saying, parson, that Saint Peter hadn't as much faith as Nimble Harry, there; for he's treading water in style,—and as for rescue, he'll be in the boat, and so will both of them, in two or three minutes."

"Hurrah," exclaimed the chief Boatswain's mate, "Muster Brounker for ever! Look, your honour," addressing the First Lieutenant, "how bravely he keeps his head out of water."

"It is well done, Simmonds," answered the officer, "but I cannot make out so much as that myself,—there is hardly light enough to distinguish it."

And the light was indeed fading fast away, but still voices, wrought up to a pitch of great excitement, were heard from different parts of the rigging, hallooing without restraint, as the owners saw, or fancied they saw, what was going forward in the distance.

"There's a bow in the cutter."—"She's close to 'em."—"No she's not, they're only a line."—"Hurrah, my hearties, look smart with your grappling hooks."—"Master Gibbons (the Lieutenant in the boat) is giving her a sheer to bring 'em alongside of him."—"Howld on, Muster Brounker, like grim death again the doctor," and various other exclamations resounded.

It seemed an age till the boat got to them,—and then it was a matter of doubt whether they were saved; for a hazy mistiness, peculiar to that part of the world, had spread itself upon the face of the waters, and the cutter was nearly lost in dim obscurity.

"Silence fore and aft!" shouted the First Lieutenant through his trumpet; and the order was instantly obeyed, so that nothing could be heard but the gentle whistling of the wind aloft, as it skylarked amongst the cordage. As far as human sound or motion went, almost a breathless stillness prevailed, and every look was bent towards the spot where the cutter was last seen.

"Hurrah!"—"Hurrah!"—"Hurrah!" The cheers were borne down upon the breeze from to windward,—they came as the signal of preservation, and were heartily responded to by every soul in the ship, from the Captain to the youngest boy. In a quarter of an hour the boat pulled up to the gangway, and the Lieutenant, ascending first, was followed by Harry Brounker, who disdained assistance, but fell prostrate, through exhaustion, whilst walking aft to the Captain. He was quickly raised, and carried into the Skipper's cabin, where restoratives were successfully used. The youngster was carefully carried up the side by one of the seamen, who handled him as tenderly as a nurse would an infant, and he also occupied a couch in the Captain's cabin. At first it was feared, from his state of insensibility, that he was too far gone to be recoverable; but the Surgeon's skill rallied his energies, and, though rather wild and flighty in his intellect, the Doctor declared there was no immediate danger.

Brounker went to his duty the next day—in fact, he asserted that he might have kept his watch that very night, but he saw no objections to gammon Signor Medico, and get a good snooze in his hammock, or, as he called it, "to bottle off a night's sleep."

It was several days before little D— returned to the Midshipmen's berth, and more than a week elapsed till he was once more keeping watch.

"And what did you think of it when you were overboard, D—?" inquired the Second Lieutenant, who graciously condescended to permit our walking the weather-side of the quarter-deck with him in the middle-watch. "Didn't you feel very comical?"

"Yes, Sir," answered D—, "I did, indeed, feel like a washerwoman's little finger—shrinking into nothing—as soon as I got under water."

"And what were your first thoughts after you had fallen?" demanded the Lieutenant.

"You will laugh at me, Sir, if I tell you," said D— hesitatingly.

"Indeed I will not," responded the Lieutenant; "I was once under nearly similar circumstances myself when I was a youngster. Come, out with it honestly, and do not fear ridicule. What was it first flashed upon your mind?"

"Why, Sir,—but I'm afraid you'll laugh at me," uttered D— again, "it was so very foolish."

"As you please, youngster," said the Lieutenant somewhat tartly, as if offended at having his word doubted, "the lad will never make a brave man who shrinks from the good-humoured laugh of a friend."

"Well, then, I will tell you, Sir," returned D—, "my first thoughts when I floundered in the water were of my mother."

"And so were mine, young gentleman," exclaimed the Lieutenant; "my mind had a confused idea of all her tenderness to me in childhood, and the grief she would suffer at hearing of my loss. This could not have lasted more than a few seconds, yet on the pressure of emergency they took in their embrace the remembrance of past years and the prospect of the future—how wonderful is the mind of man! But go on, Mr. D—, I should like to hear you relate all particulars till the time I picked you up,—that is as far as your memory will serve, with as little of a Midshipman's invention as possible. Begin, Sir, I am all attention."

"Why, Sir," commenced D—, "I thought of my mother just as you have described."

"And never be ashamed of it, young gentleman," uttered the Lieutenant seriously; "they are only the foolish and thoughtless who would laugh at one of the dearest of nature's promptings."

"I never will Sir again,—indeed I never will," promised D—; "and so Sir, when I heard the water bubbling in my ears and knew that I couldn't swim, I supposed it was all up with me, and after thinking of my mother, I began to say 'Our Father which art in Heaven,' and to strike out as I had seen the young frogs do in the ditches, but I could not keep a regular stroke with my paddles, it was more like a scrambling, and so down I went again; but making a sort of spring with my hands and feet, I once more came to the surface. Shaking the spray off my bows so as to clear my daylight, I saw somebody's head pretty close to mine, and heard a voice that I remembered directly hail me, 'Stretch

out, you lubber—who the devil is it?" "It is I, Harry," said I, "it's little D—." "You d— young monkey," says Harry, "what the devil do you do overboard?" "Oh! save me, Harry—save me," says I, for I felt myself sinking again. "Strike out steadily with your hands," says he, "and keep time with your legs, and I'll buoy you up; only rouse yourself and you may swim well enough if you like." "Indeed—in-deed, Harry, I can't," says I, as I took in a gulp of salt water; "I'm going down, oh! do save me!"—he came close to me and I tried to grab hold of him, but, "Avast there, youngster," says he, as he sheered off, "if you touch me the chances are we shall both go down together; paws off and I'll do my best, but keep your grappling irons quiet." He suddenly came close to my side, put his hand under my chin, and gave me a lift that raised me up. "Now," says he, "clap your hand on my shoulders, don't press heavy, but just hold on, and get your head above water now and then to breathe, don't be frightened,—keep cool and follow my orders and you may yet be saved."—I did as I was desired, and without much seeming difficulty Harry struck out after the ship, which we could see luffing to the wind with the main-topsail aback. "Do as I do," says Harry, "work your legs as if you were walking on hard ground, only keep as flat-footed as you can; they're lowering a boat to pick us up." I obeyed his directions, keeping my hands as lightly as possible on his shoulders, though sometimes, I believe, I gripped him pretty hard. "Do you think we shall be saved, Harry?" says I.—"To be sure I do," says he, "and won't I give you a precious colting when I get you aboard for going out of the ship without leave!" Well, Sir, presently we saw the boat coming towards us, and that gave me better spirits, for I own, Sir, I was somewhat dubious about being picked up, and my senses were rather shaking a cloth in the wind as my strength gradually failed; but the boat seemed a long time before it neared us, and "Harry," says I, "my limbs feel weak, I am afraid that I shall have to let go!"—"You'd better not," says he, "you d— young scamp, to talk about slipping your cable when there's succour at hand."—"But indeed, Harry, every part of me is growing dead," says I, and so it was, Sir, a sort of benumbedness as if I wanted to sleep. "Don't say another word about it," says Harry, as he made a sudden spring and threw out his arms; "hold your tongue," says he, "for if you go on gabbling in that fashion I'm blessed if I don't coil you where you are—get breath when you can and don't waste it in talking—the boat will be here directly." I said no more, Sir, but tried all I could to observe Harry's directions, and he spoke to me more kindly, mentioned my mother and my home, and if I would only behave myself he'd get me promoted, interlarded—however, at intervals with threats of the colt. At last a stupor came over me, I couldn't help it, and I thought Harry was growing faint; it was not altogether insensibility, for I somehow or other partly understood my condition and what was going on, yet I could make feeble exertion in my own behalf. Thus I continued till a sickly dizziness brought a misty darkness before my eyes, but I heard Harry sing out "Remember the colt," and all recollections passed away till the doctor overhauled me in the Captain's cabin, and then I knew that my life was preserved:—that's all my story, Sir.

"It is an interesting lesson," remarked the Lieutenant, "and did you really dread the colt whilst in that state?"

"Why, Sir, Mr. Brounker gives it me so often," said D—, "not but what he does it for good, Sir, but he really gives me a taste of it so often, that I thought he would keep his word, and so he will yet, Sir, depend upon it."

And so he did; but how far this course of discipline improved the morals of the boy I shall not pretend to say, but it certainly is a fact, that in after-years a more brave and intrepid seaman than Capt. D— never fought a ship; and as for exploits on shore they have been the theme of many a Middy's dog-watch, for he was their leader at the theatres, and could ascend hand over hand up any of the pillars from the pit to the roof, or descend with a fleet of reefers after him into the abyss below to rout the dock-yard Maties should they presume to manifest the slightest disrespect towards the Royal Navy blues. Portsmouth theatre used to be a famous place for these encounters, and it not unfrequently happened that the combatants were overpowered by the constables and carried off to the stone kitchen, (a lock-up so called,) where the remainder of the night was passed in drinking, dancing, and revelry, for there was seldom any lack of ladies in this delectable hole, nor was the slightest difference made between the officers and seamen, all were prisoners under charge and treated alike.

All who recollect the Navy in the time of Sir Isaac C— hoisting his bunting in the old Gladiator off Haslar Hospital, must also remember a steady-going, methodical, sedate man, who held the appointment of Flag-Lieutenant to that eccentric Admiral. By some of the mess he was called the Undertaker, as they asserted he pall'd every body, but others styled him the *Grave*, not only in connexion with his manners, but also as intimately associated with his grim commander; and as Sir Isaac had given orders (to the great annoyance of the seamen,) that all boats' crews on duty at the dock-yard should march two and two with their officers at their head and not permitted to pass within hail of the canteen, which orders the Flag-Lieutenant was strictly enjoined to enforce, so the working parties thus arranged acquired the name of funeral processions, for all laughing and talking were prohibited, and as for a drop of grog or heavy wet it was next to impossible to get it, as the Admiral had a pair of eyes spliced in his head that few would care to hang on by.

The Flag-Lieutenant, in the estimation of Sir Isaac, was the quintessence of a Naval officer, and like the Midshipman's uniform coat that used to be suspended in public at Somerset House as a pattern for tailors to manufacture young gentlemen's, so Mr. — was held up by his leather-breeched chief as an example to all Lieutenants and Captains in the Service; though I believe there were some of all classes who thought that there would be no harm done if he was dangling on a peg as well as the coat.

Sir Isaac generally made it a custom to be at the door of the stone kitchen every morning when the *déjeuner* were brought out to make their appearance in the presence of Sir John Carter, the magistrate, who seemed to take a sort of amateur liking to this part of his official duties, for it was usually attended with much fun and good humour, and certainly the worthy knight leaned with great consideration and mercy toward the strange samples of British tars that were brought before him. In these matinal inspections "long Ikey" was mostly attended by the Flag-Lieutenant, whose shrugs and "haas" as the culprits filed (and precious files some of them were,) off under the nose (what Midshipman of those days can have forgotten Sir Isaac's cutwater?) of the Admiral, proclaimed him to be electrically shocked by the sparks that emanated from that girl-vanic battery, whilst his starched and stiff chief passed his remarks upon the different individuals as they proceeded in succession, and this perhaps was the worst portion of their punishment, though the credit of the Admiral be it announced, that he never carried his anger beyond the period of remonstrance and reproach.

When Captain D— was at Spithead, or in harbour, he was mostly in some tow, and his devil-may-care countenance was often commented upon by Sir Isaac after a night's spree, as the brave little fellow, (for Brounker's colt had not much improved his growth,) issued from the place of confinement, and he heard the Flag-Lieutenant spoken of as a bright ensample of nautical propriety and virtue.

Now D— and this Admirable Crichton sort of Lieutenant had been "old messmates," and the former availed himself of an opportunity of three or four other "old messmates" (all Lieutenants, Commanders, or Post-Captains,) being in port, invited them to dine with him, and Sir Isaac's Phoenix also received a pressing invitation to meet his former jovial associates and friends at the festive board of the dashing little D—. At first he hesitated, but the remembrance of "auld lang syne," and the thought of past friendship and enjoyments at length prevailed over his usual prudence, and at the hour appointed he cautiously entered the hotel, where warm greetings and hearty welcomes very soon relaxed the austerity of the rigid officer. The dinner was excellent, the wine abundant, and the mirth and jest prevailed, till, skin-full of good liquor that had its due influence on the brain, they sallied forth into the streets, visited certain houses of evil repute, and by treating the ladies swallowed still more alcohol. The pattern officer was too well known not to be recognized, and he ran the gauntlet of merciless remark, all however congratulated him on being converted from the error of his ways, and anticipated a glorious triumph over the Admiral, who was no great favourite amongst the Portsmouth beauties.

During the night the party of Captain D— was increased amazingly by numbers of reefers and a sprinkling of luffs on shore for a cruise; furniture was demolished, china might be picked up in small pieces, looking glasses were arithmetically increased by multiplication of vulgar fractions, a general fight ensued with the watchman and constables, which terminated in numerous captives, and some staggered others were dragged and several carried off to the stone kitchen; amongst them was Captain D— and his friends.

It was somewhat about ten o'clock the next morning that the prisoners were summoned to appear in court; there had been a previous washing and brushing, but the effects of intemperance were still manifest in red eyes, inflamed cheeks, and unsteady gait, as they issued forth from "the safe." Sir Isaac was there totally ignorant of the spectacle that was to meet his view, and looking particularly fiery and fierce.

"So Captain D—," said the Admiral, as the reckless officer made his appearance in advance of the rest, "here again I see. It is well Sir, that there is nothing deficient in the fitting out of your ship, or I should be compelled to call you to an account. But really, Sir, the example you are setting to youth is sadly, sadly injurious, and if continued must be checked."

"Verry sorry, Sir Isaac, quite a mishap," returned D—, with a half smile, "steady enough at sea."

"How are you, old boy?—how are you off for soap?" shouted a stentorian female voice in the rear; "I say, Sir Isaac, who wears the breeches?"

The answer of the Admiral was not of the most gentle or courteous nature, for he was touched on a sore place, and he was about giving directions anything but conciliatory to the lady's feelings, when pushed forward by the pressure behind, forth came Mr. —. The rage, vexation, and astonishment of this irritable commander as he gazed upon the mortified and humbled Lieutenant, it would be impossible to describe. D—, with a broad grin upon his handsome features, looked archly, first at the unhappy sinner, and then at the exasperated Admiral, whilst roars of laughter pealed from those in the back-ground, which the constables strove in vain to restrain. This was too much for Isaac. "This is your doing, Captain D—," said he with vehemence, "I know it, Sir, and will reckon with you for it; as for you," he continued, turning to the woestricken culprit, "shame—shame and disgrace!" he turned round on the heels of his military boots and ran off with the speed of a deer. In less than forty-eight hours, D— was running down Channel with despatches for the West Indies. He died some short time since well up in the list of Admirals, and a K.C.B.

But to return to Harry Brounker, whose intrepidity and cool courage saved the life of the youngster,—Avast, though! I have filled up my space, and must leave him for another paper.

ROBINSON CRUSOE.

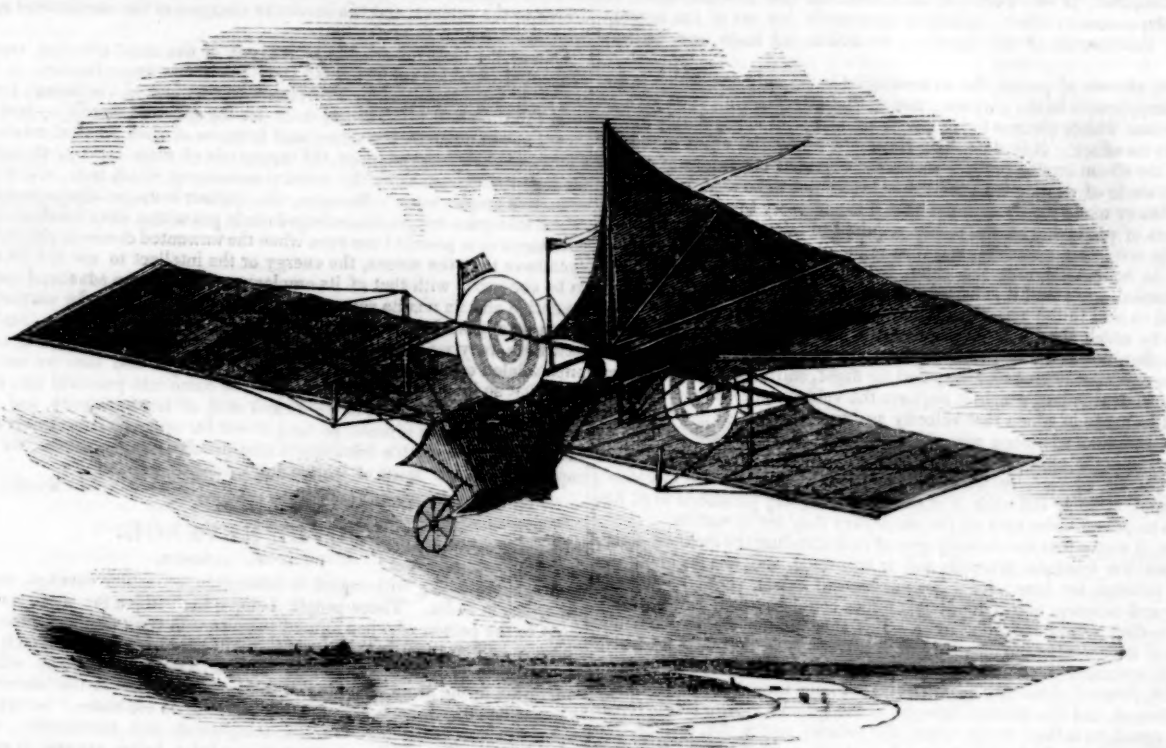
O book of childhood! the old wondrous tale,
Still fresh and green within my memory
As when in earlier days it had for me
A spell, a charm, whose power was soon to fail.
The shipwreck'd sailor and the lonely isle,
I see them now, though not as then I saw—
My own heart's history like a cloud the while
Beside the visions of romance I draw;
And truth will come old dreamings to destroy,
Where'er we fain would be the child again
In thought, in feeling, and in fearless joy,
In careless knowledge of all woe and pain;
And yet we love, how deeply love, whate'er
Recalls one star of childhood's sky so fair.

EMMA B.

DR. SOUTHEY AND THE DOCTOR.—There is a flying report in the literary circles, that Theodore Hook was the author of the "*Doctor*." How the report originated may possibly one day be made known; but the thing itself is preposterous. Who on earth suspects Hoby of the concoction of bride-cakes, or Gunter of the fabrication of boots? The mystery of the "*Doctor*" has been admirably preserved up to the present moment; for, notwithstanding all the conjectures hazarded on the subject right and left, the authorship has never been discovered or avowed. There is no longer any reason, however, for affecting secrecy. Intimate and long-existing associations enable me to clear up all doubts on the point. The author of the "*Doctor*" is Robert Southey. He acknowledged the authorship shortly before his last melancholy illness, to his most confidential friend, an M. P. of high public character. But I can furnish you with proofs, if proofs be required, that will at once and for ever place this interesting question beyond reach of future cavil. Here is a private letter from Mrs. Southey, dated 27th February, in which she not only states the fact, but adds that a great part of the sixth volume had actually gone through the press, and that Southey looked forward to the pleasure of drawing her into it as a contributor. You shall have it in her own words:—"Undoubtedly you have my full authority to affirm that my husband is the author of the '*Doctor*.' Not until the last twelve months have I ever acknowledged this directly or indirectly; but I found that others had not been so (perhaps fastidiously) scrupulous, and therefore it would be absurd and unwise in me to affect further mystery about it. If you do not find my simple affirmation suffice to convince the doubters and claimants, I could give you more irrefragable proofs, in the shape of proof-sheets, MS. copy, &c.

The *Thames Tunnel* was opened with a grand ceremony last Saturday; and the engineer and directors, &c., had afterwards a dinner entertainment at the London Tavern. The chairman congratulated Sir I. Brunel on the victory he had obtained over old Father Thames; and the whole went off with *reclat*.

* His own countryman boasted that he had got his great toe-nail (tunnel) under it.



AERIAL STEAM-CARRIAGE.

"I drink the air before me, and return
Or ere your pulse twice beat."—*Exit.*

The "Ariel" is off! but quick returneth.

"Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went.
My tricky spirit!

Was't well done!
Bravely, my diligence."

A diligence! oh, heavy, cumbrous carriage, fitted only for the plane, or better for the plane inclined, down which 'twould rush with accumulating speed astounding; but whether, like a tricky spirit, to mount, to fly, to ride on the curled clouds, or, like the ponderous vehicle, to topple over, and tumble with a shock to mother earth, young Time alone will tell. Old father Time knew nought of such attempt; he only soared imagining, and with forms of thought traversed trackless space; but his young, enterprising son fashions and frames a material machine to raise himself beyond the fleecy clouds, there to find the silent way that encompasseth the world. Hitherto his success has been only partial; opposing air to air, the lighter to the denser, elevation has been achieved; but rudderless and compassless, without guide or direction, the balloon floated listlessly the sport of currents, driven here and there, and landed any where or nowhere. But now aerial flight is about to be achieved with power to direct the course, and with speed most wonderful. At least so it is reported; and India is to be reached in four days. And why not in four hours! the world does the same distance in about six, and man to do well should always be before the world. Mr. Henson is before the world. He is bruited every where as the inventor of the "Ariel,"—a tricky-spirit or a tumbling diligence; a kind of Frankenstein is he: may his fate be far otherwise! He has not, however, presumptuously usurped Nature's prerogative, but humbly and perseveringly imitating her laws has attempted to achieve her ends. He has taken the bird and its proportions for his model, and farther has acted on the principle by which birds attain altitude and maintain their flight. They, with a spring, by a run, or by a swoop downwards, acquire a given velocity, and then with their under surface, especially the larger birds, inclined at an angle with the resisting air, little or no motion of their wings is required to uphold them, the air itself becomes a sustaining power, varying with the speed of progress. After this fashion is the flight of the Ariel to be attempted, and its form is birdlike. Its wings, if wings they may be called, a parallelogram in form, jointless, with powers of horizontal extension and retraction only, but not of vertical or vibratory motion, are said to be 150 feet long 30 feet wide, from tip to tip, or rather from end to end, and its tail 50 feet in length; its body a kind of car, to contain a steam engine, passengers, baggage, &c.; the whole frame so constructed as to combine great strength with extreme lightness. It hath, moreover, a rudder underneath the tail; but whether the creature is ever to take the water, we know not. The mechanical bird is on starting to make the swoop downwards from the top of an inclined plane, increasing the velocity every foot it moves, until, long ere it reaches the bottom, if a tricky spirit, the air's resistance to its outspread sustainers will bear it aloft and onwards; and then the progress is to be accomplished by the steam-engine causing to rotate two sets of air-paddles, or, as they are termed, vanes or propellers, like windmill-sails, 20 feet in diameter. The advance is intended to be end on, a little raised, to maintain the elevating angle; but if depressed, what then! A mortal smash! But we presume such contingency has been provided against, and that the air-paddles will be so arranged as to effect such service. The steam-engine is said to be of novel and ingenious construction, the boiler composed of inverted cones, and the condenser consisting of "small pipes presented to the stream of air produced by the flight, and is found to exhaust completely." This we should think rather premature. The power given for the engine is 20 horse, and its weight, with the 20 gallons of water required to work it, is about 600 lbs. The weight of the whole machine, fitted for air, with passengers and all, is estimated at 3000 lbs.; the area of the sustaining surfaces 4500 feet, thus giving about two-thirds of a pound to the square foot. Many a bird is more heavily loaded. Such, then, are the principal features of the modern "Ariel." Are we to dismiss it, satisfied of its success, with

"then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well!"

We should wish to do so, but we write only from hearsay and contemporary

notices. But what are the grounds for belief that such an invention has been achieved, and that a trial is to be made? A patent has been taken out, a company projected or formed, the first reading of an Aerial Transit Bill in the House of Commons, a spurious account and pictorial illustration published as a street hand-bill, a *bona fide* picture by the Messrs. Ackerman, and an account by the *Atlas* newspaper and other periodicals.

FARTHER PARTICULARS.

Of late years we have become so accustomed to witness new achievements of science, and especially of mechanical science, that events of this kind, each of which would have furnished wonder enough for a common century, pass only as matters to make up the news of the day. It was but in the boyhood of our fathers that steam was harnessed to our universal drudgery, and the tamed giant made to drain our mines and whirl about our mills, and now we look on it as a thing of course, going on to devise new engines for him to propel, and new mountains for him to remove, just as though it were all a light and common matter. Next he was made to beat the vexed ocean into obedience; for a day or two it was a wonder, but now we step on board the Atlantic or the Indian steamer and dine, and chat, and sleep at pleasure, thinking of nothing about the leviathan which hurries us along, except perhaps the ceaseless monotony of his strokes. Then we set him to copy our thoughts, and straightway every morning teems with debates and tidings, and the countless solicitations of industry or need multiplied, like the Calmuc's prayers, by his restless revolutions. Next we yoke him to our cars, and the cashiered and wondering horse is left far behind.

Whirled thus about from miracle to miracle, our curiosity decays. What in other days would be sanguine hope or straining curiosity, is now but a commonplace looking out for something new: and the month, or almost the day, which has not its successful egression on nature's remaining powers, is perhaps the greatest wonder of the times.

It is possible then, that Mr. Henson and his aerial carriage may in one respect have "fallen on evil days;" and yet it must be accounted hereafter one of the strange characteristics of the age, and the surest measure of our satiety of marvels, if any hopeful attempt to subdue an entire and almost untrodden realm of nature meet not with the active sympathies and ardent aspirations of this enterprising age. Encumbered as we are with the spoils of science, we have yet, we hope, unsatisfied ambition enough to anticipate with some exultation the conquest of the air, and to help with head and purse, if not with heart and hand, when it is proposed to carry through the regions of unobstructed space the intercourse which is the life-blood of human happiness and improvement. Perhaps our sated faculties cannot afford an excitement like that which followed Montgolfier's noble and successful daring, but we shall at least be ready with the quiet and effective approbation which in prospect of good dividends will furnish "the sinews of war."

For say what we will, the plain business-like question will take precedence of the heroics, and "Can it be done?" is the first and universal question. To this essential interrogatory the following account of the machine must stand for a reply: and we entreat our readers to lay aside as much as possible of the repugnance often felt for mechanical descriptions, if it be only to recompense our endeavour to rid the subject of obscurity.

Let us begin then by imagining first a thin, light, strong expanse of framework, not less than one hundred and fifty feet long, and thirty feet wide, and covered with silk or linen. This stands instead of wings, although it has none of their vibratory motion; it is jointless and rigid from end to end. In advancing through the air, one of its long sides goes foremost. Attached to the middle of the hinder side is a tail fifty feet long, on either side of which, and carried by the main frame or wings, is a set of six vanes or propellers, like the sails of a wind mill, and twenty feet in diameter; beneath the tail is a small rudder, and across the wings, at their middle, is a small vertical web, which tends to prevent lateral rocking. Immediately beneath the middle of the wings are suspended the car and the steam-engine: for the construction of the latter ingenuity has been highly taxed, but successfully employed, in producing the necessary power in combination with most extraordinary lightness; its occupation is to actuate vanes or propellers.

To render the rest of our description intelligible, we must now advert to the precise difficulty which has hitherto foiled all similar attempts. Men have tried often and again to raise themselves in the air with wings moved by their own muscular force: always and of necessity they have failed. Whoever has tried to raise himself by grasping a rope with his hands, will readily believe that the

muscles of the arms are by no means equal to the task; for there can be at best no gain in beating the air instead of lifting by a rope. Again, we have only to ascend the Monument, or St. Paul's, to be satisfied that the legs are quite incompetent to the necessary effort; and even these trials lay out of the account the necessary continuance of the exertion, for which our limbs are entirely unfit.

Of inanimate sources of power, the steam-engine is the only one which is not by its nature inapplicable to the purpose: and to that attaches with even greater force the objection which renders living power useless;—it is hopelessly heavy in proportion to its effect. Nor does Mr. Henson's successful effort to reduce the weight of the steam-engine bring it within the essential conditions of utility if the ordinary mode of dealing with the subject were not to be abandoned.

But that ordinary mode tacitly assumes that it is necessary to carry in the machine the means of producing all the power required to raise and sustain it. It is in dispensing with this necessity, and thus reducing very greatly the amount of machinery to be carried, that the chief, but not the only peculiarity of Mr. Henson's invention lies; and it is by this means he has opened a path which seems destined to lead to the accomplishment of this long sought object.

The device by which Mr. Henson has gained so great an additional likelihood of success, applies, not to the construction of the machine, but to the manner of using it. The carriage, loaded and prepared for flight, starts from the top of an inclined plane, in descending which, it acquires the velocity necessary for its further flight. The mode in which that velocity sustains it in the air is readily understood: the machine advances with its front edge a little raised, so that its under surface impinges obliquely on the air: that impact is accompanied by a resistance of the air, which is sufficient to prevent the descent of the machine; just as the wind striking the sails of a windmill obliquely presented to it, has power enough to propel them with all the machinery they set in motion.

So far, then, it seems that the velocity gained in descending the inclined plane, is that by which the machine proceeds and is sustained, and, but for hindering forces, would proceed for ever; for it is a mechanical axiom, verified by all the results of art and science, that if hindering forces could be taken away, a body once set in motion would move for ever. But this motion through the air, though of itself it generates the perpendicular resistance of that fluid by which the machine is sustained as to elevation, generates also at the same time a resistance in the forward direction by which in no long time the motion itself would be destroyed, and the machine brought to the ground. Now it is to repair this decay of speed, to restore every instant the velocity lost in that instant, that the small steam-engine embarked in the machine is alone wanted, and it is easy to see that the power required for this effect must be very much less than that which would be necessary to lift and to start the machine; the entire amount of which power, it has hitherto been supposed, the machine itself must carry.

The great novelty, then, of Mr. Henson's aerial carriage, and the very important advance its inventor has made towards success in this oft-defeated enterprise, is the separation of the starting from the maintaining power. Although this is no novelty in abstract science it produces all the effect of a most important invention in its application to this purpose; and it is no slight ground for believing that Mr. Henson will eventually succeed, to find that his chief novelty accords so exactly with established science: as far as this device is concerned there is nothing whatever which can raise a doubt.

Familiar, however, is this principle may be to those in any degree accustomed to mechanics, its importance in this extraordinary design requires that it should be carefully illustrated. The weight of a clock is never able to set the clock in motion; but when the pendulum has been made to swing by being drawn out of the perpendicular, the weight amply suffices to keep up its motion. Nor would even the weight be needed but for the resistance of the air and the friction and stiffness of the machinery by which the motion of the pendulum is registered and indicated: these destroy a minute part of the pendulum's motion at every vibration, which destroyed part it is the office of the weight to restore. The pendulum really moves by virtue of the force first exerted in drawing it from the perpendicular: the weights prevent the decay of that force. Now just this takes place with Mr. Henson's machine: it is set in motion by its descent down the inclined plane; it is kept in motion by the steam-engine it carries.

In nature the same process may be observed. A crow in rising from the ground is under the necessity of making very strenuous efforts with his wings to lift himself: while doing so he acquires horizontal velocity, and as soon as that velocity is sufficient to bring the resistance of the air to act on his sloping front and wings with effect enough to sustain him, he proceeds with comparatively easy beats; after a time we may see the same bird quietly sailing round and round in the air, scarcely moving his wings at all. Many of our readers must have asked themselves how a bird with merely outstretched wings is kept from falling? They will now readily see that it is by virtue of its original velocity, maintained and perhaps augmented in former parts of the flight.

But further it will be observed that it is horizontal velocity which is required, and that is gained by Mr. Henson in descending an inclined plane. Now just this device is often employed by large birds in starting from an eminence: instead of incurring the great labour we have noticed in the case of the crow, the feathered voyager makes first a curve downwards, the velocity gained in which, with subsequent and easy augmentations, is that which keeps up his flight. It is not often that a new contrivance in art has so exact a prototype in nature.

The steam engine invented by Mr. Henson to meet the special necessities of his aerial carriage, is distinguished by its extreme lightness in comparison with its power. This is effected, in great part, by reducing the necessary weight of water. The boiler mainly consists of a considerable number of inverted cones, presenting their blunted points and much of their surface to the fire. The amount of surface acted on by radiating heat is about 50 square feet, and about as much more is exposed to the heat of communication. Comparing the boiler with those of locomotive engines, it is expected to furnish a quantity of steam equivalent to the power of twenty horses, if used with considerable expansion. The steam is condensed in a number of pipes of small diameter, which are exposed to the strong current of air produced by the flight: this mode of condensation has been found remarkably effective. All unnecessary weight of parts has been avoided, and indeed no part has been retained whose services are not essential. The result is, that a twenty-horse engine is kept in efficient action with but twenty gallons of water, and its entire weight is but about 600 lbs.

The weight of the whole machine, and its load, is estimated at 3000 lbs: the area of the sustaining surfaces will be about 4500 square feet. The load will, therefore, be about two-thirds of a pound to each square foot, which is less by one-third than that of many birds.

The most important question which remains to be decided refers to the competency of the steam-engine; and here unhappily mechanical science and experimental facts alike fail to give us the needful information.

As far as probabilities can be collected from observations on the flight of birds, they warrant a strong expectation of Mr. Henson's success. If, however, his engine should be found to need re-inforcement, it is said there are available in-

ventions recently matured, whose combined application will much more than double its power. Nor can it be doubted that, cleared as the subject now is of its mysteries and chief difficulties, the attention of our engineers will be strongly drawn to the subject, and the inventive energies of this mechanical age speedily bring the machine to perfection.

One of the most remarkable as it is one of the most cheering considerations connected with this subject is the fact, that those improvements in locomotion are ever first committed by Providence to that part of the human family which is at the time best fitted to use them for the general benefit:—best fitted, we mean, not so much by the extent and firmness of their political relations, or the energy of their enterprise, or the magnitude of their capital, though these are far from indifferent, as by the moral temperament which they will bring to their entrusted employment. Savages, who without restraint of conscience might desolate with grim delight the enlarged circle put within their reach are not invested with these new powers! nor even when the unwonted device is placed before their eyes have they the means, the energy or the intellect to use it with effect at all to be compared with that of its employment with more advanced communities; invention and its results seem nearly dormant, except for the purposes to which it can be applied by the most enlightened portions of the race. And if so in all past time, may we hope to discover in the circumstances attending this new and unparalleled enterprise, traces of the same design, and may we not easily suppose that so long as the new art, should it come into practical use, shall require the appliances of capital, of cultivated skill, of tried integrity, and of the most exact and elaborate science, so long it will be mainly in the hands of that section of the wide earth's inhabitants who are most likely to use its astounding capabilities in the spirit of justice and good-will to all.

Colburn's New Monthly Magazine.

NOVEL REVENGE.

BY H. R. ADDISON.

A curious feeling with regard to retaliation, or rather revenge, exists among the tribes in India. These people believe that it is a far more severe punishment to the person who has injured them to ruin their fate hereafter, than to inflict any evil on them in this world. I will here give a short sketch of a scene, for the truth of which I can vouch. Major Tomlinson was an officer of high reputation in the army, and also an acting magistrate in the district where he was quartered. Like many others in the "good old times," he held a military and civil commission together, not temporarily but continually; indeed, to a stranger arriving in India, unaware of the habit being general, it seemed most strange indeed to see alternate gazettes, announcing his military promotions and civil changes. But, as the service was never carried on better, or the offices discharged with more zeal than at the period I allude to, it was rather a matter of opinion than regret.

Major Tomlinson was appointed collector not a hundred miles from Poonah. He was selected for the post as an active and zealous young man, who would carry the orders of Government into instant effect; and, as these orders strictly enjoined him to be unremitting in his endeavours to bring the defaulter, whose arrears had been long accumulating to instant settlement, it may be confidently asserted that the situation in which he was placed was anything but a bed of roses.

Taking a tour round his district, he personally inquired into each case, and, amongst others, ordered a native, named Jesserie Synd, instantly to pay up the debt he owed to Government. Jesserie of course pleaded poverty, declared his total inability to liquidate the debt, and threw himself on the compassion and mercy of the collector. A young hand would have been deceived by the apparent despair of the supplicant. Tomlinson, however, was too old a soldier to be duped; so he ordered the man either to surrender himself as a prisoner, or instantly to pay down the money. The wily Indian saw that the European was not to be deceived; so, with a look of foiled hypocrisy and malice he instantly counted down the number of rupees required, and, with many a salaam, followed the collector to the end of his village, whence, as soon as he was out of hearing, he poured out on him a volley of maledictions, beyond the power of an Englishman's pen to transcribe.

The following year Major Tomlinson held a court, to which the natives were desired to come, in order to receive (as far as I can recollect) some Government order, or it might have been to pay their dues. The fact is of little consequence; suffice it to say, they were ordered to attend, and they did so accordingly.

The collector was sitting in his verandah, his secretary and assistant with several of his household around him, when, amongst those who presented themselves before him, Jesserie Synd appeared, bearing his infant child in his arms. The major had wholly forgotten him, and the manner in which he had been compelled to enforce the payment of his arrears; nor would he now have recognised him, had he not boldly advanced to the foot of the stone steps, at the top of which the collector was sitting, as I before stated, hearing and adjudging the several cases that came before him.

"Do you remember me, sahib?" demanded the native, salaaming to the ground. "Does the great Englishman remember the poor Indian who last year was made to pay the long arrears?"

"Surely," replied Tomlinson.

"I am he, worthy collector, I am he, who had his every *pie*" (a small coin) "taken from him, when the child he now bears in his arms and his old father were almost starving. I am he, who at that moment made a vow to the gods of his fathers that he would live to be revenged on the destroyer of his fortune and his happiness, and thus I accomplish my oath."

The collector started up, fancying the man was about to assault him. He, on the other hand, calmly stepping one pace back, suddenly raised his child high above his head, and, seizing it by its ankle, in the next instant dashed out its brains on the step before which he was standing. Then, turning to the horrified magistrate, he calmly added, "Behold my act of retaliation! The child that lies dead before you was my only one, my one. I have destroyed it—I have sacrificed it to the god of vengeance, and its precious blood be on *your* head! You are its murderer; I have killed it in *your* name. It is even now in the valley of death, calling for revenge on *you*, who are its real assassin. Had I possessed anything more dear, I would have sacrificed it in the same way, to secure the punishments which *must* await you. My revenge is now complete."

The wretched fanatic was instantly seized, and shortly afterwards tried. Far from attempting to palliate his offence, he loudly gloried in it; far from speaking of it as a rash act, committed in a moment of temporary insanity, he not only admitted the fact, but coolly argued on the justice of it; adding that, if he escaped from his present doom, he would immolate other victims, to secure a future vengeance on his enemy. The man was consequently tried, convicted, and executed.

A few days after this, a person called at the collector's office to claim his fee as executioner, for having carried the late sentence of the law into effect. The money was paid him, and he was about to depart, when Major Tomlinson happened, as a mere matter of curiosity, to ask his name. Imagine his surprise

when he found it the same as that of the malefactor himself. The coincidence struck him as strange.

"Are you any relation of the deceased?"

"I am his father, sahib."

"And you hanged your own son?"

"What could I do, sahib? It was my son's fate. Had I not performed the last duties towards him, some one else would; and, as we were already poor, it would have been a pity that any one else should have profited by our misfortune."

"And did you feel no compunction, no sorrow about the act?"

"Sahib, it was my child's fate; he was born to it. He has fulfilled it; why, then, should his father repent?" And with a low salaam, and many thanks for his fee, the executioner of his own son contentedly left the presence of the astonished collector.

THE FOUNDING OF THE BELL.

WRITTEN FOR MUSIC.
BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Hark! how the furnace pants and roars!

Hark! how the molten metal pours,

As, bursting from its iron doors,

It glitters in the sun!

Now through the ready mould it flows,

Seething and hissing as it goes,

And filling every crevice up

As the red vintage fills the cup:

Hurra! the work is done!

Unswathe him now. Take off each stay

That binds him to his couch of clay,

And let him struggle into day;

Let chain and pulley run,

With yielding crank and steady rope,

In rounded beauty, ribb'd in strength,

Without a flaw in all his length:

Hurra! the work is done!

The clapper on his giant side

Shall ring no peal for blushing bride,

For birth, or death, or new-year-tide,

Or festival begun!

A nation's joy alone shall be

The signal for his revelry;

And for a nation's woes alone

His melancholy tongue shall moan:

Hurra! the work is done!

Borne on the gale, deep-toned and clear,

His long loud summons shall we hear,

When statesmen to their country dear

Their mortal race have run;

When mighty monarchs yield their breath,

And patriots sleep the sleep of death,

Then shall he raise his voice of gloom,

And peal a requiem o'er their tomb:

Hurra! the work is done!

Should foemen lift their haughty hand,

And dare invade us where we stand,

Fast by the altars of our land

We'll gather every one;

And he shall ring the loud alarm,

To call the multitudes to arm,

From distant field and forest brown,

And teeming alleys of the town:

Hurra! the work is done!

And as the solemn boom they hear,

Old men shall grasp the idle spear,

Laid by to rust for many a year,

And to the struggle run;

Young men shall leave their toils or books,

Or turn to swords their pruning-hooks;

And maids have sweetest smiles for those

Who battle with their country's foes:

Hurra! the work is done!

And when the cannon's iron throat

Shall bear the news to dells remote,

And trumpet-blast resound the note,

That victory is won;

While down the wind the banner drops,

And bonfires blaze on mountain-tops,

His sides shall glow with fierce delight,

And ring glad peals from morn till night:

Hurra! the work is done!

But of such themes forbear to tell.

May never war awake this bell

To sound the tocsin or the knell!

Hush'd be the alarm gun!

Sheath'd be the sword! and may his voice

Call up the nations to rejoice

That War his tatter'd flag has fur'd,

And vanish'd from a wiser world!

Hurra! the work is done!

Still may he ring when struggles cease,

Still may he ring for joy's increase,

For progress in the arts of peace,

And friendly trophies won!

When rival nations join their hands,

When plenty crowns the happy lands,

When knowledge gives new blessings birth,

And freedom reigns o'er all the earth!

Hurra! the work is done!

THE COMET.—A correspondent of the Times endeavours to prove that the comet which has lately made its appearance is the same as that which caused the flood 4,029 years ago.

HOBOKEN.

[The author of this excellent work is Theodore Fay, Esq., of this city, long well-known as an able contributor to the Mirror, and subsequently by several novels which have gained for him a high and deserved reputation. The author's evident object in the plot of the present story is an admirable one; it is to depreciate the present standard of esteem in which the duelling system is unfortunately upheld, and to show how much mischief may be done by the impertinent meddling of those who are called the "friends" of the belligerents. It shows also how easy it is for malignant spirits to blow up the coals of strife, to put false constructions on very simple transactions, and to destroy the happiness of families in either compelling the observance of false laws of honour, or in sacrificing good feeling for the gratification of all that is devilish in a perverted heart.]

We must beg the reader to imagine, we cannot paint the desperation and agony which harrowed the feelings of Glendenning for the two or three days subsequent to this interview. A certificate from the surgeon, placing him on the sick list, at least enabled him to keep his room, and hide himself from every eye. He did not go out; he saw no one. He scarcely slept at night. His appetite, his spirits, his buoyant energy and strength of mind deserted him. Even Southard absented himself from some unaccountable cause. His face had grown pale and haggard. He was like a man haunted with a horrible spectre.

In the nights he had lain for hours stretched passively on his back, writhing beneath images of shame, scorn, and insult, and striving to form plans for his future life, what he should do, and where he should hide his dishonoured head. From the society of gentlemen he felt he was banished forever. Sleep and exhaustion would sometimes come together after these dark and oppressive thoughts, but then the voice of Breckenbridge, and his cold and contemptuous face, would flash upon him with "You, meet you?"

The scene with Breckenbridge had made a vivid impression on his brain. There was something in it marked, striking and dramatic. Himself, the lofty, the proud, the scarcely condescending, haughtily disentangling himself from an offensive, derogatory, too familiar intimacy, throned, as it were king-like, on his own character and the world's opinion, and then, with a word, look, hurled headlong down, a fallen angel, with the object of his fastidious dislike pointing at him with derision, spurning him with his foot, his derisive laugh, the laugh of the by-standers, magnified, in his disturbed imagination, into the hideous leers and yells of the whole world to pursue him forever and forever.

From these insupportable dreams he would start up, gasping, shrieking, or striving to shriek, and, abandoning his bed, would pace the room, or read, or smoke, or drink till morning broke. He had become fond of Shakespeare, and he found in him power to divert his thoughts, but when he laid the volume down, the dark waters of wretchedness closed over him again.

The third morning, he had started long before daybreak from his bed, and sat, gloomy and miserable, smoking a cigar, with a half-emptied bottle of wine on the table, and a volume of the "Three Spaniards" in his hand, when a low knock at the door startled him. He was surprised to find, by the effect it had on him, how shattered his nerves were.

It was Southard, who gently opened the door.

"What's the matter, my dear fellow?" said Glendenning.

"I heard you up. I know you are distressed, and I determined to come to you."

"Sit down."

"You look ill."

"Yes, I am. This Nicholson affair is annoying me terribly. I cannot make up my mind."

"It is the town talk," said Southard. "I am not in a mood to deny it. Your position demands all your presence of mind. But if you have read the Book of Life aright, you will seek His approbation, and His alone."

"I hope I shall," said Glendenning, "though it is easier to advise than to act."

"In advising submission to His will," said Southard, who, Glendenning now, for the first time, perceived, was unusually agitated, "I advise only what I am called upon to set an example in."

"What do you mean?"

"My little Catharine."

"What's the matter with her?"

"You know she's been ill several days."

"I remember I heard something of it; she's not worse, I hope?"

"She's dead," said Southard.

"Dead!"

"She died last evening at nine."

"Almighty Heaven!" cried Glendenning.

"She yielded up her little, pure spirit at nine last night," repeated Southard.

"My poor friend!"

Southard threw himself into his arms, and wept for a few moments on his bosom in uncontrolled agony.

"I did not come to thrust my weakness on you, but to speak to you of yourself. You are more unhappy than I or her mother. You are debating with yourself a second meeting with Lieutenant Lennox. If you were a Christian, you would know how to act. But you are not. Julia and I both fear your facility of character, and the influence of the world and of White. You may fancy her feelings over the yet warm body of her child. But even now she has requested me to bring you this volume. It is a Bible, with passages marked for you. On the table, where lies our little Catharine, she has written your name in it, and begs you to read it, and make it the guide of your conduct in this painful affair. Her religion teaches her not to be selfish, and even in the midst of her own distress she feels a sincere anxiety for you."

"Dear Southard," said Glendenning, much touched, "my heart bleeds for you and her. How can I ever be sufficiently grateful for such true, such noble friendship?"

"By giving your serious attention to the advice of my poor Julia. Since the last evening you were with us, notwithstanding the illness of our little one, she has frequently thought of you, and of the danger you are in of fancying yourself obliged to rush upon self-murder, or the butchery of a friend, in compliance with the ideas of a portion of society. Be a man—be more—be a Christian. Dare to act right. No one doubts your courage to meet personal danger. Show yourself, also, morally brave. Break away, at once and forever, from the damning net they are throwing around you. Do your duty; leave the rest to Him. He knows—He watches you. He who made the eye, doth he not see?"

"I wish I had your undoubting faith," said Glendenning.

"Pray for it, and He will help your evil spirit of unbelief. Seek here, in this book, light for your guidance. We have tried it. We have found it sufficient to soothe us, even in this sad extremity. What calamity can be more insupportable than the loss of our little Catharine? You cannot know the happiness she has been to us; the dreams we have woven of her future character and mind, and our own delight in beholding her grow up from a child to woman, in

preparing an humble independence for her, in becoming old and decrepit with her to aid me, to smooth my white hair, support my tottering steps, and scatter the path to the grave with the flowers of filial love. Now all this is over; all this bright universal sunshine is quenched. The earth is dark to me, and life has lost its charm, and yet in this book I find delight, consolation, hope, resignation—nay, more, peace and happiness. Take it, my friend; try it—read it; don't reject it without examination."

"My dear Southard!" said Glendenning, "you are unconsciously using the words of a beloved friend. I really feel to my very heart the strength and disinterestedness of your friendship."

"Come down, then, with me, and see my poor wife. Tell her you will resist all endeavours to make you meet Lieutenant Lennox; tell her you will seek advice, not of White, or Colonel Nicholson, or of the world, but *here*, in the volume she has given you, and I assure you, in this way you will greatly alleviate her grief. Come! she asked me to bring you down."

Southard led the way, and Glendenning followed him down stairs into the very room where, a few evenings before, he had seen the little Catharine in perfect health, and been struck with her remarkable beauty. The very roses she had been playing with, the broken nine-pins, the noseless dog, and tin carriage, had been carefully placed by the fond mother upon a stand. The little body lay on a table. Mrs. Southard sat by its side, pale almost as the being she mourned, but perfectly composed.

"See!" said she, with a smile that made Glendenning's heart ache, "my poor little Kate! God has taken her. Oh, never more shall I hear that beloved voice, that light, quick step! never behold the long, golden hair waving on her forehead as she runs, or see the light dancing in those deep blue eyes. God has taken her where she is happy. He will not let her forget her mother. I shall meet her again, and He will teach me to be patient."

"My dearest Mrs. Southard!" said Glendenning.

But at the sound of his voice, both she and her husband covered their faces, and wept in silence such tears as only parents weep over the mute, sweet, cold bodies of their children.

And tears, also, came freely into Glendenning's eyes, partly for them, partly for himself, partly from the heavy, crushing sense of the mockery of life, to all but the high, philosophical, aspiring Christian.

"Now!" said Southard, with a bright smile, "these are things man was born to meet. Whom he loveth he chasteneth. Has he not said, suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven? Look at her, Glendenning."

The young man, awe-struck, approached, and gazed on the angel face and form of his little radiant friend. The mother stood on one side of him, the father on the other, and as they gazed they murmured, "Thy will be done."

"Amen!" cried Glendenning, so fervently that Southard felt his friend was again and really touched with a beam of faith. Kneeling down with his wife, a short prayer broke from his lips, which the scene made natural, and his profound grief strangely eloquent. Yet there was in it less of grief than of hope, joy, and calm, spiritual triumph, a peace above the world, and the fervour of a spirit blessed. He bade adieu to the soul of his infant, which he seemed to see floating up to heaven. He poured forth his grateful thanks for the resignation and strength which, in this trying moment, had been vouchsafed, and prayed it might be continued when mother and father should kiss, for the last time, the cold, unanswering lips, whose music was stilled, and the icy forehead, from whose sweet tenement the habitant had fled. Then, with a sudden allusion to Glendenning, he prayed that the scene might not be lost upon the young and wavering heart which was called upon now, also, to meet its trials. He implored that this wavering soul might be led to see, might not grope at noonday, but seek and find strength and light from above, to fling away the world, to follow the Redeemer, and give up things temporal for things eternal.

Glendenning, also, knelt for the first time in his life, and each word of his friend's invocation went through his heart like a ray of celestial light. He not only knelt; he prayed, and, strange enchantment! (for thus it seemed to him), he *did* feel, as he raised his soul to God, new light to judge, new courage to act.

"You will no longer waver, dear Captain Glendenning!" said Mrs. Southard.

"My resolution is taken," said Glendenning. "Don't fear for me. I here make a vow to bear any evil rather than commit the crime they are trying to drive me to. This pure angel may bear my oath to the throne of Heaven, and if, from weakness or passion, I yield my sense of right, may all the curse of vice fall on my head!"

He once more approached to look on the body. It lay there like a type of heaven. An almost unearthly beauty rested on the face—a smile, a light, as if it knew and rejoiced in the holy mission he had confided to it. The mother clasped her hands silently, and, as Glendenning withdrew, he heard a sob and a convulsive kiss, and then all again was still.

DEATH OF DR. SOUTHEY.—For this event his friends must have been long prepared. For the last three years he had been in a state of mental darkness, and a twelvemonth ago he was not able to recognise those who had been his companions from his youth. Scarcely could his wife console herself with the poor hope that he recognised even her. Excess of mental labour in every department of literature—poetry, history, biography, criticism, and philosophy, continued from year to year, without cessation—bowed his strong spirit at last, and obscured the genius which had so long cast a glory upon the literature of the age. In early life, when his powerful and brilliant imagination was pluming its wing for the daring flights that it afterwards took, he formed the most exalted notion of the perfectability of man, indulged in the most generous aspirations for the welfare and improvement of the human race, and seriously thought, with other kindred spirits, of founding a colony in the back-woods of America, where guilt and sorrow should be unknown, and perfect equality, freedom and happiness, should reign for ever. A better knowledge of the world soon dissipated these Utopian reveries.

As a poet, with an exuberance of imagination seldom equalled, and a mastery of versification seldom surpassed, and as a prose writer, at once elegant and forcible—his name will endure as long as the language in which he wrote. The "wild and wondrous tale" of "Thalaba," and the almost equally wondrous "Curse of Kehama," are the poetical pieces on which his fame will principally rest. As a prose writer he was a perfect model of style—easy but not feeble, stately but not cumbrous—and learned but not pedantic. Besides innumerable articles in the Quarterly Review, to which he was a principal contributor, we believe, for nearly thirty years, his chief prose works are a "Life of Nelson," "The Book of the Peninsular War," "Letters from Spain and Portugal," "Essays on the Progress and Prospects of Society," "A History of Brazil," of the British Admirals." He also wrote Biographies of Kirke White

and Chatterton, and edited their works, besides editing collections both of the principal and minor English poets.

He was appointed poet-laureate in 1812. He was twice married—first in very early life, and again but a few years before the mournful overclouding of his intellect, to Miss Caroline Bowles, a lady whose name as a poetess, had been long and favourably known to the public, and who in the last sad blank years of his life watched over him with the tenderest solicitude, and did all that the most devoted affection could do to lighten the heavy load of his existence.

In all the relations of life Dr. Southey was universally allowed, by those who knew him best to be truly exemplary. By his own family he was adored; and we have always understood that the burthen of maintaining the family of a man of genius, whose irregular habits ill qualified him for the discharge of the ordinary duties of life, chiefly devolved on Dr. Southey. Advantage, we fear, was but too often taken of the kind and amiable disposition of Southey by those who were less provident or less industrious than himself. Till his mind was unhinged, he retained his habitual kindness of disposition; and the accomplished gentleman who accompanied him, a year or two ago, on a continental tour, undertaken for the sake of his health, dwelt with fond affection on the many amiable traits of his character which broke forth amidst all his suffering.

Dr. Southey was a gentleman in the best sense of the word. His house at the Lake was ever open to all who presented themselves with suitable introduction, and there are few persons of any distinction who passed through that picturesque region who have not partaken of his hospitality.

For the Anglo American.

INVOCATION OF THE EARTH TO THE MORNING.

Wake from thy azure ocean bed,
Oh beautiful Sister Day!
Uplift thy gem-tiara'd head,
And in thy vestal robes arrayed
Bid Twilight's gloom give way.
Wake dearest sister, the dark-brow'd night
Delayeth too long her drowsy flight.

Most glorious art thou Sister Day
On thy golden chariot throne,
While sitting supreme in regal sway
Thou holdest thy high effulgent way
In majesty alone,
Till into thy cloud-pavilion'd home
In the burning west thy footsteps come.

When last thy parting looks I caught,
Which turn'd to smile "good-night,"
With all a lover's fondness fraught,
There seem'd not in the universe aught
So precious in thy sight
As thy own dear Earth, while to her breast
She folded her slumbering babes to rest.

Oh! many a joyous mountain rill,
And many a rushing stream,
Calm lake and glassy fountain still,
Tall grove and silent mist-wreath'd hill,
Long for thy coming beam.
Uprouse thee then, fairest sister dear,
For all are pining thy voice to hear.

With trembling and impatient wing
My birds on every spray
Await thy welcome forth to sing
Till brake and dell responsive ring
With many a melting lay.
Then wherefore, beautiful, linger so long?
Earth sighs to greet thee with shout and song.

Thy flower* her vigil long hath kept,
With love's untiring care,
Tho' round her pinks and violets slept
She wakefully hath watch'd and wept
Unto the dewy air;
And like a desolate bride she waits
For the opening of her lover's gates.

I hear the glad revolving spheres
Rehearse their choral hymn,
Which yet ere earth was stain'd with tears
Burst on the joy-entranced ears
Of holy Seraphim;
While the lofty blue empyrean rang
As the morning stars together sang.

Oh! then arise, fair Sister dear,
Awake, beloved Day,
For many a silent dewy tear
Falls on my breast like diamond clear
In grief for thy delay,
From the rosy bowers of the orient skies:
Then up sweet Sister, arise, arise.

ALLAN GRANT.

For the Anglo American.

MALVOLIO.

A CHARACTER DRAWN FROM LIFE.

Malvolio is the representative of a class, which although fortunately small in its numbers, is nevertheless much too numerous for the peace and happiness of society. He is a singular compound, and it is not uninteresting to those who have studied him to watch the strife of principles and feelings which have place within him. In the early part of his life he must have possessed some abstract notions of benevolence; for there are still perceptible in him, occasionally, glimpses of such notions; but these are so fleeting and so few that one is compelled to consider them rather hypothetical than real, particularly as their practical effects are altogether unknown. If such were really the case with him originally, they soon gave way to a stronger influence called prudence; and the latter having allied itself for life to selfishness, poor benevolence may be

* The Sunflower.

considered exterminated, if indeed it ever really existed in him. Poor Malvolio labours under a most distressing hallucination; he has long suffered under a monomania which seems to have become so deeply settled upon him as to be inveterate, incurable, and, of course, cherished by him. He imagines himself to be Ishmael, the son of Abraham, and patriarch of the Bedouin or Robber Arabs. He believes every man's hand to be against him, and consequently his hand is against every man. Where he got the idea is the wonder to those who know him, as the only place where the account of Ishmael is found is an ancient book with which he has but little other acquaintance than the name. Be that as it may, Malvolio gathers his horde around him, and busily, from the midst, he discharges the shafts of his indignation upon great and small who are out of the pale of his sanctuary. These shafts, by the bye, are not material arrows, but certain missiles called hard words, slanders, calumnies; and even if one of the class called falsehoods should happen to lie in his way he picks it up and lets drive with it, rather than lose time and occasion. From these wanderings of mind, accompanied by such violence of temper and acrimony of feeling, many enquire why his friends do not shut him up, or at least confine him within such bounds as would render him harmless. The common reply is that he is harmless, and that his missiles seldom hurt any but himself. There is, however, one awkward incident in recollection which, proving that his shots may strike and wound others, should put persons on their guard so that they may either avoid him or repel him. Malvolio tells the story himself, and mightily exults in the success of his aim. A *widow* with whom he was acquainted offended him unwittingly. "From that hour," said Malvolio, with fiendish exultation, "I resolved never to lose sight of her until she should be brought to beggary and misery!" And he kept his word! His shafts flew right and left, unseen but not unfelt, and he had the miserable gratification of fulfilling his fell determination. Providentially, he has not been able to gloat over the destruction which he caused during the full remainder of his days; for even the *widow* had friends; and she now begins to raise her once dejected head, to smile at and forgive the enemy whose malice still rankles at his heart. Some few other matters of a similar nature are darkly hinted at, although not generally known, but taken altogether there is cause sufficient to make persons extremely careful when they come within the sphere of his action. Of Malvolio's origin not much is known, and indeed he never alludes to it, but there is reason to believe that his connexions were able to give him an education which would fit him for one of the learned professions. Whatever may have been the original intentions of his relations and himself on that head, however, he ultimately discovered a path to himself more congenial to his disposition and feelings, and in which he could exercise more largely his passion for the discharge of deadly missiles. This was the path of politics, in which the wayfarer who steadily keeps one side only of the road, and abuses all whom he either meets or passes walking either in the middle or on the other side, may soon acquire distinction at least, if not honour. It was soon discovered that Malvolio, though a railer at all who did travel on the same path with himself, was not near so rancorous on those who kept quite to the other side as on those who travelled upon the middle of the road. These last unhappy wights, indeed, were subjected to be pelted by both sides, although their only reason for keeping "the crown of the causeway" was that they might enjoy a view somewhat more elevating and could have opportunity of observing all that passed on both sides. Such travellers as these were not likely to be many; their position was too dangerous to be tempting, for the enthusiasts, a very numerous class among extremists or ultras, abhor the term moderation as a mad dog abhors water; and therefore, Malvolio, one of the most rabid of his kind, never lost an opportunity to shy a stick, or a stone, or a piece of dirt—no matter of what kind—at the unfortunate middle-man whom he met or overtook. Now and then, the incensed sufferer, driven to the extreme point of his patience, would return the missiles, and not unfrequently has Malvolio felt the consequence of his own violence and injustice; but habit is a kind of second nature, and, by this time, his hands cannot be stayed except by measures like his own, dealt out to himself. Would that this were all the evil of the unhappy monomaniac's disease; but, unhappily, he began to conceive that *he only* had the right to tread his side or any side of the road, and at length he was kept in hard labour of body and much fatigue of mind in attacking all who dared to come within the compass of his strength. He wished the road to be a desert in which he might roam without a companion, and to be great in his loneliness. He was attended and assisted in his manifold occupations, but those who ministered thereto were under the necessity of having their mouths locked, their countenances hid, and their names unknown, or be liable to a ban, which neither time nor circumstances could induce him to withdraw. With these restrictions they might do as much as they pleased, but once let them become recognised and they immediately became liable to be cast off for ever with contumely, and to be pelted in a more pitiless manner than former antagonists. Nay he has been known to make up to—we cannot say become friends with—those who had already suffered under his malevolence, in order to induce them to join in the cry against those from whom he had become separated.

One would be disposed to imagine that such a character needs only to be known to be universally shunned. True, but the difficulty is to attain a due knowledge of the character. The fabled basilisk is said to fascinate with its eyes until its victim is completely allured beyond redemption. A similar quality inheres to Malvolio: he is smooth, plausible, and prepossessing in his deportment, he keeps well within bounds in the display of his attainments, he is a philanthropist in theory, and a trimmer in society; moreover, he is never known truly in the mere circle of his acquaintance, but he is known and felt where and when soever he can put forth his hand. To contemplate such a character is dreadful; to look upon it in all its length, breadth, and depth, is almost harrowing, for its redeeming qualities are so miserably disproportionate to those

which are either detestable or despicable, that the mind recoils from the task, and is glad to take refuge in a momentary forgetfulness of the subject.

Fortunately, as has already been said, the class of Malvolios is small. In this department of mind, as in the wild and furious specimens of the Animal Kingdom, Providence has mercifully ordained that they should not be numerous. The Class "Malvolio" is good for trying the virtues of human nature, but the ordeal is too frequently so severe, and the glory of success so frequently lengthened out in the acquisition, that it is more frequently the prayer "oh, keep us from the encounter!" than "oh, strengthen us to victory!" When the Malvolio stalks abroad, it is safest and most easy to leave him "alone in his glory."

THE HORRORS OF TRANSPORTATION.

At the Liverpool Assizes, on Tuesday last, one *George Robinson*, alias *Saxon*, pleaded guilty to the charge of having illegally returned from transportation, and, when brought up for sentence, entered into a long and singular statement, which was listened to by a crowded court with great attention. From this it appeared that, in 1820, being then but eighteen years of age, he had been convicted of a highway robbery at Pendleton. He received sentence of death, but was finally transported for life. He had, however, an irresistible desire to return to his native land, and some time after his arrival at Sydney made an attempt to escape by swimming off to a brig lying in the roads, and succeeded in concealing himself below until she was at sea. She was driven back, however, by stress of weather, he was given up to the authorities, received one hundred lashes, and was sent to a penal settlement, first at Hunter's River, and afterwards at Macquarie-harbour. For twelve months at a time he never had the irons off his legs. He described his situation as intolerable, without any communication with his friends, shut out from the world, and with hardly a hope for the future. He determined again to attempt to make an escape. He left the colony with several others. Three days after they were attacked by the natives; several of them were wounded, and all their clothes and provisions carried off. To go forward in this condition was almost hopeless,—to go back was to suffer again a punishment of one hundred lashes, and be condemned to work in the gang reserved for the worst criminals. They resolved to go on. They lost themselves in the Blue Mountains, and wandered about naked sixty days, living on what they could pick up in the bush or along the shore, to which they were finally conducted by another party of natives. They were then near the site of Port Philip. Here they fell in with another tribe, by whom they were taken and given up to the authorities. They were conveyed to Coal River naked as they were. They there were allowed a blanket to cover them, but even this they were obliged to leave behind when they were shipped on board a Government vessel, which was taking coals to Sydney; and, but for some canvass which they were allowed to have to cover them, they would have had to lie naked on the coals in the hold. They were landed in this plight at Sydney. There public charity supplied them with some clothing, but one of his companions for six months had nothing but a pair of trousers. They were sentenced to receive one hundred lashes, and to be sent to Macquarie-harbour. Their wretched state was such, however, that the first part of the sentence was not inflicted, the medical man having made a representation that prevented it. He remained at Macquarie-harbour some time, when he again, with some others, got away in a whale-boat, and ran along the coast for nine days, having made a sail by fastening together the shirts of the party. They were obliged, by want of provisions, to put into Hobart Town, and were again sent back to Macquarie-harbour, and placed on Big Island—the depot for the worst offenders. He described the horrors of this place as being more than language could paint. Several, he said, had committed murder, that they might be removed to Sydney for trial, though certain that after this short respite death would be the punishment of their crime. He told a singular tale of one Pearce, who had attempted to escape with several others. Provisions failing, they were obliged to sacrifice one to save the rest. All perished in this way, till Pearce and another alone remained. They watched, each conscious of the other's intentions, for forty-eight hours, until Pearce got an opportunity to kill his companion. He was taken, and again escaped with one Cox, whom he also killed, and for this he was finally executed. At this horrible place the prisoner said he remained upwards of seven years, when he was sent to Hobart-town. He again escaped on board a vessel, and concealed himself till she was twenty-one days at sea. The Captain, however, gave him up on his arrival at St. Helena. He was sent back to the Cape, and thence to Robin's Island, where he worked for seven months with twenty-five pounds of irons upon him. He was then sent back to Macquarie-harbour. His conduct, during a gale on the passage, recommended him to the merciful consideration of the authorities, and after the lapse of three years he was allowed to come back to Hobart-town, and finally obtained a ticket of leave. He still, however, longed to see his native land. He escaped on board an American whaler, in which he cruised for several months, but the captain intending to give him up at the first opportunity, he took advantage of the vessel touching at New Zealand to take refuge with the natives. By them he was well treated, and finally got an opportunity of entering, without suspicion on board a vessel bound for Boston; hence he wrought his passage to Quebec, and thence to Greenock and Liverpool. He had since been living at Manchester and gaining an honest livelihood by the labour of his hands. He protested that since his original offence his conduct had been that of an honest man. His sole wish had been to see his native land, and he expressed a hope that his sufferings and his good conduct would recommend him to the merciful consideration of the authorities.

Mr. Baron Parke said the tale he had related would, he trusted, help to dissipate any idea that might be lurking in the minds of any who might hear it, that transportation was a light punishment. It was his duty simply to pass on him the sentence, that he should be transported again for the term of his natural life.

The prisoner bowed respectfully, and was removed from the bar.

The appearance of the man was calculated to procure credence for the history he related. There was a remarkable expression of suffering and hardship in his countenance, and there was something very moving in the manner in which he received the sentence that was to consign him again to the horrors he had been describing.

Foreign Summary.

DEATH OF THE EARL OF ABERGAVENNY.—This nobleman died at an early hour on Monday morning, at his seat, Eridge Castle near Tunbridge Wells. The noble Earl had been for some considerable time past gradually sinking under the infirmities consequent on his extreme old age, having entered his 89th year on the 22d February. The "Nevilles" or "Nevills," in point of antiquity

and former feudal power, are probably one of the most illustrious houses in the peerage.

It is generally rumoured in the court circles that a separate establishment will shortly be formed for his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. There is every reason to believe a number of domestics will be selected for the young prince not in any way connected with her Majesty's household. Morning Herald.

His Majesty the King of Hanover is expected to arrive on a visit to this country about the middle of May. Orders have been received to prepare his apartments in the Ambassadors' Court for his reception by that period.

The "Madeleine," by Canova, in the Aguado Gallery, was sold at Paris, on Tuesday, for the sum of 59,500*fr.*, to the Duke di Sarraaglia. It is said that this treasure of art is to be taken to Italy.

A return made to the House of Commons states that the total amount already expended for building the new Houses of Parliament is £380,483 10*s.*; the amount voted has been £438,500, and consequently £58,016 10*s.* is in hand, for works now in progress of completion. It is estimated that a further sum of £578,424 12*s.* 9*d.* will be required to complete the buildings. The total amount of Mr. Barry's estimate will therefore be £1,016,924 12*s.* 9*d.*, besides what will be required for completing the landing-places, making good the pavings, furniture, and fittings, and for decorations by works of art. Mr. Barry's original estimate for the building was £707,104.

The council of the Anti-Corn-law League have, it is said, given the manager of Drury-lane Theatre £500 for the use of the theatre during the five Wednesdays in Lent, making a rent of £100 for each night.

Fornasari has been engaged for two years for the Opera Italien at Paris, by the agents of that establishment, who were in town to witness his *debut* at the Queen's Theatre. They have engaged to pay 8,000 francs for his giving up the engagements for which he was in treaty. Grisi, Mario, Lablache, and Brambilla will arrive in the course of next week.

The Lord Primate of Ireland has been severely indisposed, having suffered from an attack of gout. His Grace was obliged to postpone his official duties in consequence.

MONOMANIA.—Since the acquittal of McNaughten, and the assurance of Sir Peter Laurie to a fellow at Guildhall, who threatened the life of Sir R. Peel, that all his comforts should be attended to, and that he should not be placed with the criminal lunatics, cases of monomania have multiplied so fast that it is almost impossible to keep pace with them.

The National states, that Admiral Dupetit-Thouars has not accepted solely the alliance offered him by the Queen of Otaheite, but that he has really taken possession of the Society Islands.

The Rev. Dr. M'Hale, of Tuam, has initiated nine monks into a new monastery at Errow, Mayo.

The Journal du Havre says—"The Government continues to send out ships to the Marquesas. Five are at this time loading at different ports."

The recall of the Russian Prince Dolgorouki, by the Emperor, has caused some excitement at Paris, and the article on the subject, in the Journal des Debats, leads to the belief that no good feeling is entertained in high quarters towards the Autocrat of all the Russias.

FORTIFICATIONS OF PARIS.—The Commerce announces, that orders had been given to the engineers, charged with the direction of the works of the fortifications of Paris, to redouble activity in forwarding the construction of the fifteen detached forts, at which upwards of 20,000 civil and military workmen are now employed. Five of those forts will shortly be completed, namely, those of Mount Valerien, of the East at St. Denis, Romainville, Noisy le Sec, and Chareton. The two-thirds of four others are finished, namely, Rosny, Nogent-sur-Marne, Ivry, and Issy.

EXTRAORDINARY PHENOMENON.—When the Anne Bridson, which arrived in this port from Valparaiso last week, after a quick passage of eighty-four days, was off the River Plate, on her homeward voyage, the captain and crew suffered the greatest inconvenience from the state of the atmosphere, which for two days was so fetid and oppressive as to make it difficult for them to breathe; and we regret to say that the effects of their exposure to this unwholesome air did not cease when the atmosphere became pure, but continued to be felt during the remainder of the voyage, many of the crew having been ill from that time until their arrival in this port, and some of them being still much indisposed. Nothing was seen or heard which could enable the captain or crew to account for this unhealthy and oppressive state of the atmosphere; but the probability is that the fetid smell arose from a submarine discharge of gas or vapour, a phenomenon which has frequently accompanied earthquakes and volcanic eruptions, and which, no doubt, gave rise to the innumerable stories preserved in history and tradition, in prose and verse, respecting the exhalations from Lake Avernus, near Naples, and from the Dead Sea. The classical scholar will at once call to mind Virgil's fine description of this phenomenon as to the Lake Avernus, and we see that Lord Francis Egerton, who visited the shores of the Dead Sea last year, does not altogether discredit the opinion, that the exhalations from the sea are still injurious to life. We feel little doubt that the painful sensations experienced on board the Anne were produced by some sudden discharge of mephitic gas under the waters of the ocean at the point which this vessel was then traversing.—London Times.

It is asserted that the squadron in the Mediterranean is to be reduced to four sail of the line.

FREAK OF FORTUNE.—A Manchester paper states that a man named John Flitcroft, committed to the New Bailey on a charge of desertion, has just been discovered to be the lawful possessor of property to the amount of £100,000.

Lord Ellenborough, in filling up the vacancies occasioned by the disasters at Cabul, has departed from what has hitherto been viewed as the prescriptive rule of the company's army, by supplying the places of the slaughtered officers, to a great extent, from other corps. This innovation is not likely to meet with passive submission from a body of officers who have been long accustomed to view the established system of regimental promotion as among the most valuable of their coveted rights. Petitions may, accordingly, be expected on the subject by the Court of Directors and Board of Control. Naval and Military Gazette.

The privates of the 88th, at Malta, have made a request to their Colonel to be allowed to set apart a day's pay in order to erect a monument to the memory of the late Dr. Martin.

In consequence of the continued disturbances in Palermo, resulting from the performance of the opera of "Maria Tudor," the Theatre has been shut for the season by order of the police.

From Alexandria, we hear of the death, on the 30th of January last, at Assouan, in Upper Egypt, of a Norwegian, Mensen-Ernest, who had gone in search of the sources of the White Nile. He was buried near the first Cataract, by some European travellers, who happened to be in the neighbourhood.

HER MAJESTY'S VISIT TO IRELAND.—Active preparations are making in Ireland for the reception of her Majesty and Prince Albert, whose visit is now announced to be about the 14th of August, when they depart from Windsor Castle. The royal yacht, the Albert and Victoria, is in such a state of forwardness as to leave no doubt of her being launched towards the end of the next month, when she is to be towed round to Woolwich dock-yard to complete her internal decorations and fittings, which are to be upon a scale of magnificence admitting of no comparison since the discovery of steam navigation. Already orders have been given for those regiments which are to mount guard on the Royal persons, and to afford escorts on her Majesty's route, to hold themselves in readiness to proceed to Dublin in the first instance. Prince Albert's Hussars (the 11th) are to embark forthwith, and the 53d from Edinburgh, the 72d Highlanders, and a battalion of the Guards, are the infantry regiments spoken of as being selected for this distinguished service. In fact, every thing promises a sojourn of no ordinary *eclat* in the Emerald Isle, which is expected to extend to three weeks, and to include the Giant's Causeway in the north, and the Lakes of Killarney in the south, so that the Royal party will take nearly the whole circuit of the island before disembarking.

The Knight Commandership of the Bath, vacant by the death of Major-General Sir J. Savage, R. M., will, it is understood, be conferred on Major-General G. P. Wingrove, R. M., who was present with Nelson at the battle of Trafalgar. Major-General Wingrove is an officer of distinguished merit. He has seen upwards of half a century of service, and, whether ashore or afloat, of the utmost distinction. United Service Gazette.

UNFORTUNATE APROPOS.—At the dinner given by the judges to the magistrates, on the first day of the late assizes, after the cloth had been removed, the health of the judges was drunk. Lord Denman was returning thanks, and saying how happy he and his brother Patterson were to come into the county of Kent, when, unfortunately, the worthy chairman of the quarter sessions and another worthy magistrate had, at the moment, brought an animated discussion on Mesmerism to a climax, and the former, striking the table, vehemently exclaimed, "They are the biggest humbugs on earth!" The room was convulsed with laughter, and none enjoyed the joke more than the distinguished judges.

A correspondent of the Chronicle relates that recently an officer of the 7th Dragoon Guards applied for leave to his Grace to exchange upon half-pay, the regiment being under sailing orders for the Cape of Good Hope. The duke merely turned down the leaf of the letter of application, and wrote this laconic answer, characteristic of his decision and promptitude, upon the reverse—"Sail or sell."

CONTEMPT.—An amusing incident occurred last week in the Assize Court at Taunton, which even affected the gravity of the bench. Mr. Stone, who defended Parsons, charged with murder, in the course of a powerful address to the jury, implored them to give the prisoner the benefit of any doubt they might have on their minds. The prisoner, he said, stood before them in an agony of suspense, charged with the highest offence known to the law. While urging this appeal to their mercy, the learned counsel turned half round to the prisoner, expecting to see the agony which he was so busily portraying, when, lo! he saw his *protégé* busily engaged in munching a sandwich. For a moment the learned advocate was taken aback, and Mr. Justice Cresswell, who caught his eye at the moment, could scarcely forbear a smile. Happily for the accused, the defence made for him was too strong to be affected by the *contempt*, and the jury seconded his effort at "trying to live" by acquitting him.

MONTHLY MILITARY OBITUARY.—General.—Hon. Sir C. Colville, G. C. B., G. C. H., Col. of 5 F.—Major-Generals.—Sir J. B. Savage, K. C. B., K. C. H., late of R. M.; F. Walker, E. I. Co. Serv.; Baddeley, C. B., do.—Lieut.-Colonels.—Power, 10 F.; French, K. H., 28 F.; Champagne, h.-p. 35 F.; Utterson, formerly Barrack-Master at Gibraltar.—Majors.—Galloway, 10 F.; Taylor, 13 F.; Gregory, 49 F.—Captains.—W. Creswell, late R. Vet. Bn.; J. Gabbett, h.-p. 88 F.; Hutton, h.-p. 95 F.; Phelps, h.-p. 2 Prov. Bn. of Mil.—Lieutenants.—Fitzgerald, 10 F.; Simmons, 18 F.; Edwards, do.; Cochrane, do.; Owen, 28 F.; Whittingham, 71 F.; Nanson, Adj. Leeds Recr. Dist.; T. J. Parker, h.-p. 60 F.; Warren, Unatt.; J. Yate, late of R. Man; Burges, late of 10 R. Vet. Bn.—Second Lieutenants, Cornet, and Ensigns.—Humphreys, 18 F.; De Carteret, 30 F.; Lindsey, 40 F.; Sir C. B. Goddington, Bart., h.-p. 21 Dr.; Bevan, late 6 R. Vet. Bn.; Costorphan, h.-p. R. Mar.; Swallow, do.—Paymasters.—Finch, h.-p. 12 F.; Borman, h.-p. 97 F.—Quarter Master.—Rutledge, h.-p. 9 Dr.—Medical Department.—Ins. Gen. of Hos. Dr. T. Gordon, h.-p.; Surg. Dawn, 2 Dr. Gds.; Surg. Graset, h.-p. Staff Assist. Surg. Baker, 18 F.; Assist. Surg. Dr. Hopkins, h.-p. Staff; Assist. Surg. Gillice, h.-p. Staff; Vet. Surg. L. Bird, 8 Huss.

REMOVED MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.—A report is very current in distinguished circles that Miss Countess Burdett is at length about to bestow her hand in marriage, and Lord Wiltshire, the eldest son of the Marquis of Winchester, and Colonel of a dragoon regiment, is mentioned as the favoured suitor. Lord Charles Wellesley will, we also hear, shortly lead to the altar Lady Mary Cecil, the accomplished daughter of the Marquis of Salisbury. Brighton Guardian.

The Marine Good Service Pension of £300 a-year has been given to Major-General Trementheere, R. M., whose term of service reaches 64 years.

JOHN BUNYAN.—We understand it is proposed to raise £500 by subscription, for the purpose of erecting a suitable monument over the place where the remains of this extraordinary man were interred, in Bunhill-fields burying ground. The tomb and tablet that once marked his memory are now crumbling into dust.

VERY GOOD.—We find the following in the Courrier Belge:—"During the discussion on the Sugar Bill, a splendid piece of beet-root sugar was placed on the bureau as a specimen. The manufacturer, M. Verhagen, wishing to direct the attention of one of the members to this morsel, took him from his place to examine it. When they arrived there it was gone, having found its way into the stomach of one of the deputies! "Well," remarked the disappointed manufacturer, "it is a proof that it was good, since it was so readily swallowed."

CHINA.—It was stated at the March monthly meeting of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, that types were in readiness for printing any number of books in the Chinese language which might be required, so soon as an opening was made for their use in that immense empire; and a reference was made to the standing committee to inquire and report to the board, at the next monthly meeting, what mode they considered best adapted for promoting the extension of Christian knowledge, supplied by the Anglican Church, among the Chinese.

THE LATE EARTHQUAKE AT GUADALOUPE.—The Queen of the French has suggested to 14 ladies, at the head of whom are the royal princesses and the Countess of Montalivet, the pleasing task of getting up a quantity of works in embroidery of various sorts, to be sold for the benefit of the sufferers of Guadeloupe. These works, when finished, are to be exposed in the gallery of the

Palais Royale, on the first floor, and will be afterwards sold. Ladies appointed by her Majesty will preside at the different stalls, and the sale, it is supposed, will commence on the 18th of next month.

STREET SWEEPING BY MACHINERY.—On Wednesday, the first exhibition in the metropolis of the self-loading cart, or street-sweeping machine, which has for some time been in use in Manchester, took place on the wood pavement in Regent-street, and attracted during the day large crowds of persons to view its very novel apparatus. The machine commenced its operations at about six o'clock in the morning, and continued them without intermission during the greater portion of the day. The cart was drawn by two horses and attended by a driver, and as it proceeded caused the rotary motion of the wheels to raise the loose soil from the surface of the wood, and deposit it in a vehicle attached to the cart. Proceeding at a moderate rate through Regent-street, the cart left behind it a well-swept tract, which formed a striking contrast with the adjacent ground. It filled itself in the space of six minutes, its power being equal to that of 40 men, and its operation being of a three-fold nature—that of sweeping, loading, and carrying at the same time, which under the old process formed three distinct operations. The apparatus is exceedingly simple. It consists of a series of brooms, suspended from a light frame of iron, hung behind a common cart, the body of which is placed near the ground for greater facility in loading. As the cart wheels revolve, the brooms successively sweep the surface of the ground, and carry the soil up an inclined plane, at the top of which it falls into the cart. It is calculated to pass through the most crowded thoroughfare, at the rate of two miles per hour, without causing obstructions and doing its work as perfectly as if the streets were empty.

Extensive alterations and improvements are at present going forward at Walmer-castle, for her Majesty's second visit to it, which, it is said, will be early in the ensuing summer.

DEATH OF GENERAL THE HON. SIR CHARLES COLVILLE.—This gallant officer expired early on Monday evening last at his villa at Hampstead. The deceased general was second and youngest son of John, ninth Lord Colville, and brother of the present peer. He was in his 73d year. Sir George Colville was colonel of the 4th Fusiliers, a Grand Cross of the Bath, and G. C. H. He entered the service in December, 1781, as an ensign in the 28th Foot, and passed through the successive ranks to that of lieutenant-colonel, which he obtained in 1796, in the 13th Foot. With this regiment he served in the Irish rebellion in 1798, in the Ferrol expedition in 1800, and in Egypt during the following year, in which country he continued till March, 1802, when he joined his regiment at Gibraltar. In October, 1810, he took the third division of the army under Lord Wellington, in the lines of Torres Vedras, and was present with it in every action that took place from the commencement of the French retreat to the battle of Fuentes d'Onor. At the third siege of Badajoz he was shot by a musket through the left thigh, and lost a finger of the right hand, which wounds occasioned him to return to England for cure. He served in Portugal at the end of the same year, and took the command of the 3d division in their winter quarters. He was present at Vittoria, where he was again slightly wounded in the hand, and was employed in command of the 5th division from February, 1841. He was at Waterloo, in command of the 4th division, although he did not share in the actual glories of the field. His last commission of general, bears date Jan. 10, 1837.

MR. BRAHAM'S AGE.—Extract of a letter from Mr. Braham to the editor of the *Birmingham Advertiser*, dated March 20, 1840:—"I made my first appearance very early in life, at the age of 10, at the Royalty Theatre, in 1787, and on this very day (my birthday, March 20,) I am 63." It follows, therefore, that instead of being an octogenarian, as some folks assert, Mr. Braham was sixty-six on Monday week.

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.—We have learned from respectable authority, that the chief now in this country from the Sandwich Islands is specially commissioned to obtain the formal recognition of the independence of that group by the different European governments. He is accompanied by a missionary of American origin, who has been upwards of 20 years resident in the islands, and the proposition has, we understand, been favorably received by several of the ministers of the different states, and amongst them Belgium is conspicuous. Lord Aberdeen has also, we understand, lent a favourable ear to the proposition; and it is also affirmed that the United States government will throw no obstacle in the way of recognition.

AMERICAN GAME IN THE HIGHLANDS.—Within the last summer the wild turkey of America has been introduced by Charles Edward Stuart into the romantic island of Algas, near the falls of Kilmorale, in Ross-shire. The island being covered by wood, and abounding in seeds and wild herbage, offers them a locality entirely conformable to their natural habits, and they have already become perfectly naturalised, and produced two broods of young. A short time since, labourer employed upon the island came upon four roe deer and five of the wild turkeys, all feeling together with great harmony, in a grassy hollow. The man described them as little startled by his appearance, the roe, which bred in the island being much familiarised, and the "old bubbly jock," he said, "only dropped his nose, and strutted and tified, and bubbled in the face of the buck," when disturbed by the footsteps of the human intruder. The island of Algas adjoining to Lord Lovet's preserves of the Ruttal, the birds, if permitted, will spread into this sanctuary, where a wood from three to four miles in extent, skirted by corn-fields, will offer them abundant cover and subsistence; and in a few years more, it may not be uncommon to see the American forest sports of wild turkey shooting, added to the already splendid covers of Beaufort Castle.

THE CANADA COMPANY.—At a meeting of the Canada Company held on Wednesday a statement of their affairs was laid before the proprietors, from which it appears that very satisfactory progress is making in the sales of land upon the new principle of allowing emigrants to pay by annual instalments, thereby affording them longer credit, and enabling persons of small means to acquire property by the exercise of their own labour and industry. So well has this principle answered in respect of the sales of tracts in the Huron district that the directors have determined on throwing open the greater portion of their Crown reserves upon similar conditions, in order to expedite prosperous settlements in the North American colonies. The sales of land by the company for the year 1842 produced, according to a table presented at the meeting, 66,270l. currency, of which 37,477 acres of Crown reserves, at the average of 12s 11d. per acre, and 28,127 acres of Huron tract, at the average of 11s 7d. per acre, gave 40,430l. currency. The remainder of this gross sum was for the sale of town lots in Guelph, and in the Huron tract, in addition to sales on annual rents for 13 years, the basis of the new system adopted, and already alluded to.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

At the Surrey Sessions, which concluded on Saturday afternoon, Mr. Char-nock, who was engaged to defend a prisoner (the evidence for the prosecution

entirely resting on circumstantial evidence,) said such evidence was always dangerous to convict on, and cited the following remarkable case, which the learned counsel said was not generally known:—On the northern circuit, a few years ago, a respectable farmer was indicted for the wilful murder of his niece, to whom he was left executor and guardian. A serious quarrel took place between the uncle and his ward, and the former was heard to say that his niece would never live to enjoy her property, although she wanted but a short period of becoming of age. Shortly after this declaration and quarrel the niece was suddenly missed, and no one knew what had become of her. Rumours were quickly spread to the disadvantage of the farmer, until it was at length publicly reported he had murdered his niece for the sake of possessing himself of her property, and that he had concealed the body. On his being apprehended on a charge of murder, various spots of blood were found on his clothes, those being the garments he was in the habit of wearing. Appearances went so much against the prisoner that he was committed for trial. At the assizes application was made to the judge to postpone the case, on the ground that public indignation was so generally excited against the prisoner, that he could not safely go to trial, and an affidavit was put in that, if time was granted, there was no doubt that the niece would be produced in court, and that the prisoner was entirely innocent of the murder. The application was successful, and in the interim the most strenuous exertions were made on behalf of the prisoner and his friends to find the niece, and all to no purpose, and the search proved fruitless. The period of the assizes at length came round, and being unable to produce the niece, the prisoner, to save his life, resorted to a deception, the fatal step of which procured his condemnation and execution within 48 hours after trial. A young lady was produced in court exactly resembling the supposed murdered female; her height, age, complexion, hair, and voice were so similar that many persons in court, who were acquainted with the niece were satisfied she was the same, and some witnesses actually swore to the identity. An intimation, however, was given to the counsel for the prosecution, that the female in court was not the niece of the prisoner, but the resemblance was perfect. By the most skilful cross-examination by the counsel for the prosecution, the artifice was at length detected, and the jury without hesitation pronounced the fatal verdict of *GUILTY*. His lordship, in passing sentence of death, said it was impossible the jury could have come to any other conclusion, and sentenced the unfortunate man to be executed on the following Monday. On the scaffold, with his last breath, the unhappy convict declared his innocence, but the clergyman rebuked him for hardihood, and the crowd of spectators who had witnessed the execution were satisfied he died a guilty man. Within two years after the execution, the niece actually made her appearance, and claimed the property to which she was entitled. It appeared that on the day after the unfortunate quarrel, the niece eloped from her uncle's house with a stranger to whom she had recently become attached, and had never been heard of until her sudden and unexpected return, and that she had only by accident heard of her uncle's execution.

GRAND FANCY BALL AT THE BRITISH EMBASSY AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

We are quite sure that the perusal of the following letter, which we take from the columns of the *Morning Post*, will be highly gratifying to our readers, who will, perhaps, be led to think that the influence of such scenes as the writer describes with so much liveliness and fidelity, is calculated to be as powerful in cementing the union of England and Turkey, as any of the arts of diplomacy:—

CONSTANTINOPLE, March 1.—The palm of successful exertion has been by every one awarded to Lady Canning, whose fancy ball, which took place the day before yesterday, made, for the time, a much greater sensation than the most brilliant diplomatic triumphs. For a full week before the eventful day all Pera was a scene of mysterious bustle; and the only question discussed was the important one of the costumes in which it was deemed appropriate that their high mightinesses, the representatives of the European powers, should appear on this occasion. It was at length settled, and I think wisely, by the determination of the ambassadors themselves to abandon all idea of disguise, further than such as is habitually afforded them by their respective diplomatic uniforms. What very probably contributed to this resolution on their part was the refusal of the Sultan to permit his chief ministers and dignitaries, who were invited, and who had asked his sanction to that effect, to put on fancy dresses, which his highness it seems, looked upon as somewhat inconsistent with Mussulman ideas of gravity and decorum. I think it not improbable that he may have been even a little scandalized at the fever of excitement which the announcement of a fancy ball had produced among the "potent, grave, and reverend Signors" of his court, and whose contagion seemed likely to spread into the most sacred *penetralia* of the Seraglio.

The *fête*, I am happy to say, was, in its way, the most successful affair that has yet been witnessed in this quarter of the globe, where, living as we do on the extreme confines of civilization, it is curious to observe how far fashion, its auxiliary, and which is now the only real despotic power in Europe, assists in its gradual conquests over barbarism. The masque itself afforded a good opportunity for contrasts in the exhibition of European and Asiatic costume. The variety and accuracy shown, particularly in the latter, were such as it would have been hopeless to look for elsewhere—Arabs, Persians, Bucharians, and Turks and Albanians blended strangely with Knight Templars, Frisones, Tyrolese, Frenchmen of all ages, Cavaliers, and Roundheads. Even the Pacific Ocean had its representative in the person of the worthy lieutenant of the Stromboli, who presented a most ludicrous picture of savage grandeur, and was plumed and tattooed in a way which threw all the finery in the shade. Perhaps the most striking feature of the ball was the presence of a number of Armenian ladies, covered with diamonds, and in the gorgeous costume of the Harem. Indeed, as they were all grouped together in one of the boudoirs, the effect to Europeans must have been the same as if they had been really admitted into the mysterious and precincts of the Zenana. Most happily contrasting with these beauties of the eastern conservatory was a blooming bevy of British damsels, which the seasonable arrival of the *Tagus* steam-packet had enabled to grace this festivity: among these I may mention Miss Ashworth and Miss Roberts. All the Turkish ministers, for the whole Cabinet was present, seem to have lost their hearts on this occasion, in one case indeed hopelessly so, since the lady who most attracted their attention was no other than Mr. D., the youngest of the English *attachés*, who admirably personated his own great grandmother. Besides the most distinguished members of the ministry, viz., Riza Pacha, the reigning favourite, Halil, the new Capoudan Pacha, the Seraskier, Sarim Effendi, and Sami Pacha (a very remarkable individual,) and Namik Pacha, the envoy of Mehemet Ali, were many of the junior *employés* of the Porte, who upon this their *début* into the fashionable world, acquitted themselves in a manner which augurs well for the introduction of gallantry and refinement into Turkish society. One of them indeed, who had been paying due honour to the Sultan and the Queen of Eng-

land in bumpers of champagne, attempted, though with indifferent success, a *pas seul* in the midst of a quadrille party. The first quadrille was performed by a band of Knight Templars, with Rebecca for partners. The most conspicuous of the Knights was the Baron Lieven. The arrangements for the collation were excellent, and in fact, considering the smallness of the house now occupied by the ambassador as a temporary residence, extraordinary. While the ladies and principal personages were standing at the table, Sir Stratford Canning proposed the health of the Sultan, adding his trust that the peace which so happily subsisted between him and the Christian powers would be perpetual. Achmet Fethi Pacha, the Sultan's brother-in-law, drank, in return, the health of her Majesty. Waltzing and quadrilles were continued till a very late hour, when the party dispersed, greatly delighted at the evening's amusement, so skilfully and tastefully catered for them by Sir Stratford and Lady Canning.

Imperial Parliament.

ALLOTMENT OF WASTE LANDS.

House of Commons, March 30.

Mr. FERRAND asked leave to bring in a bill for compelling allotments of waste land. He referred to the general distress now prevalent among the labouring classes. He read from the evidence given before the committee on the Keighley Union some extracts, proving great misery, gross immorality, and growing disease, in that crowded district. Colonisation was not an adequate remedy for these evils; and the people had a right to live on in the land of their birth. He cited Lord Bacon and other early authorities for the enclosure of waste lands. The standing order of the House, which required, in every enclosure act, the reservation of a certain quantity of land for the recreation of the poor, must be taken as recognising by that requisition the right of the poor to a share in the waste land of this kingdom. The allotment system had worked well, and, if followed up, would yet be the salvation of the country. The poor had waited with a patience which had gained them much praise; but praise would not fill their bellies. The House was about to separate for the Easter vacation, and it would so separate without having done anything for the poor. He mentioned many cases illustrating the inadequacy of emigration, and the success of the allotment system. This system would be good for the rich as well as for the poor; and the poor, finding themselves enabled to better their condition by applying their own industry to their own land, would devote many an hour to labour which they now spent hopelessly in idleness or drink. He said there were now thirty millions of uncultivated acres; out of which he proposed to allot, not enclose, four millions. He would place the control of the plan with trustees, clergymen, and others, who should give an annual report of their proceedings. In every parish he would assign five acres for drying-grounds; nothing being more injurious in crowded districts than the drying of clothes within doors. He would likewise have ground laid out for manly sports. No allotment to an individual should be less than a quarter of an acre; the expense should be paid from the rates; and the quantity to be allotted in each year should be decided by the rate-payers. After explaining other more minute details of his plan, he proposed that it should be carried into execution through the instrumentality of the Tithe Commissioners. The present state of things could not long continue; the wages of all classes of workmen had undergone a lamentable reduction; and he himself knew men who had maintained themselves and their aged parents, and built their own cottages, out of their own earnings, now paupers, upon 4s. 6d. a week. Within a mile of them lay a barren wilderness, which they would convert into a garden; and he besought the House to give them the means of doing so.

Colonel WYNDHAM opposed the motion:—He must confess that he thought the Hon. Member's scheme impracticable—[A laugh]. There was much waste land in the country, and in no county more of this description of land than in Surrey, and in (said the Hon. Member, addressing the Speaker) your own county, Hampshire—[A laugh]. I should be delighted—yes, very much delighted, continued the Hon. Member, if the people would come and settle in these lands, and cultivate the wastes and deserts—[Laughter]. There was a large tract of waste land situated between Epsom and Portsmouth. I should like to see that waste land cultivated—yes, I should like to see the whole of England cultivated—[Loud laughter]. Let the Hon. Member for Knaresborough bring in his bill. Do you suppose at this time, when there was an unusual depression in agriculture, that the bad land would remain long in cultivation? Do you mean to go prowling about the heath?—[Loud laughter]. Keep your land in cultivation. I will stand by the Government as long as they stand by agriculture, and when they throw that overboard I will throw them over—[Cheers and laughter]. I have been particularly honoured during the last few days—[laughter]—particularly honoured—[Continued laughter]. I know no person whatever in the manufacturing districts. I have received a letter. I have been honoured with a letter—[laughter]—a letter from a working man in the manufacturing district. Now, let me say one word to the Hon. Member for Stroud—this measure is only one degree worse than the measure of the Hon. Member for Knaresborough—[Laughter]. Now, recreation is very well for the working man. Many men would consider it recreation to drink a gallon of beer—[Laughter]. Well, now about this letter. It bears the post-office mark of Cheetham, although it comes from Manchester. Perhaps, said the Hon. Member, addressing himself to the Opposition benches, the Hon. Member for Manchester knows the way to Cheetham—[Loud laughter]. I should think "the way to Cheetham" would form an admirable motto for the Anti-Corn-law League—[Cheers and laughter]. I should advise them to take that motto—[Laughter]. It would do them good—[Continued laughter]. I will read the letter. I am opposed to the free-trade doctrines. The writer of this letter says, "I wish you would favour the country with a few more of your speeches in the House of Commons"—[Roars of laughter]. See what a character this House has! Thank God, I am going away from it on Saturday—[Loud laughter]. The writer continues, "for home truths are not often spoken there." The people want work, not recreation. I think I have said enough—[Laughter].

Lord WORSLEY doubted the expediency of Mr. Ferrand's plan. Unless the allotment were very near the labourer's dwelling, it would do him more harm than good. Mr. Ferrand seemed to think the wastes were possessed only by the lords of manors and their freeholders; forgetting the estate enjoyed therein by labouring classes themselves, who now profited by these wastes through their rights of common.

Sir JAMES GRAHAM would not oppose the introduction of this bill, but was anxious to guard himself against being supposed to anticipate from it the advantages which Mr. Ferrand had held out. In our present advanced state of society, all the land which could be profitably cultivated had been brought into cultivation long ago, and whatever new cultivation might now be added by the public must, therefore, be matter of charity, provided either from the state or from poor-rates. The lands best worth culture were those most remote from

the crowded districts; and how was the expense of settling them, of building cottages, and removing and maintaining husbandmen, to be defrayed? He feared the plan would hardly come to anything very different from the cottier system in Ireland; but, considering the importance of the subject, and the pains bestowed upon it by the mover, he would not resist the introduction of the bill.

Lord J. MANNERS supported Mr. Ferrand's motion. He contended, from some details which he referred to, that spade labour yielded six times the produce, and maintained four times as many people, as labour by the plough. He could not agree that there were no waste lands in England on which labour might be profitably employed, and he gave an instance of some very bad and rocky ground in Charlwood Forest, which had been most successfully brought into cultivation. He was glad to see the country giving its attention to such subjects as the present, and abandoning the unprofitable pursuit of party politics.

Other members shortly took part in the debate, which terminated by leave being given to bring in the bill.

MAKING WATCHES BY MACHINERY.

House of Commons, March 31.

Mr. WARD moved the second reading of the British Watch and Clock-makers' Company Bill. He explained that the object of the bill was to incorporate a company for the manufacture of watches by machinery. The mode of effecting this was the invention of an ingenious, simple-minded, Swiss gentleman, Mr. Ingoldt, who had brought it to a very high state of perfection. Many Hon. Members had seen the machinery for making watches. He had seen it with unbiased mind, or if he was biased at all it was against the scheme. He went to distrust his own eyes, but he was convinced of its effectiveness. He did not pretend to any scientific knowledge on the subject; but he saw what the machinery could do, and he compared its results with what could be accomplished by the hand. Two hundred watches could be made by machinery for every thirty-six that could be made by the hand. The barrel could be turned in one minute by machinery, while it now took two hours. The lower plate, which was the principal part of the watch, could be finished in twenty minutes, which took two days by the hand. The wheel and balances were made by hundreds in the same time that they could be made by dozens by hand. The pivot, which now took a week, could be made by machinery in a quarter of an hour, with the most beautiful accuracy and delicacy of polish. Mr. Hewit, a gentleman who possessed the most accurate knowledge on the subject, which no one could dispute, and who carried off all the Admiralty prizes, stated that so powerful was the machinery, that two sets of machines would perform what it would take 300 men to accomplish. Nothing was impossible to machinery in the present day. When they saw what had been accomplished by steam, how could it be asserted that anything was impossible to be effected by the ingenuity of man. He did not think it ought to be said that they could not fly in some years hence—[Laughter]. It was only by the adoption and application of new principles that they could hope to maintain their pre-eminence. If this bill was to be opposed by the watchmakers, the proprietors of railroads might with equal justice turn round against the Aerial Transit Bill. If the House should think fit to refer the bill to a committee, they might modify the clauses in any way they pleased; all he entreated now was, that they could not, without injury, reject a proposal which he believed to be of great importance to the national industry.

Mr. T. DUNCOMBE said, if the scheme could be proved to be of public advantage, he would support it; but as it was, he did believe that of all the bubbles, from Dr. Eady down to Dr. Morison, that were ever imposed upon the public, this was the grossest. His Hon. Friend had made some omissions in his statement, which he (Mr. T. Duncombe) would supply from the prospectuses of the company; and he would say, that if the House could believe any one of the assertions in those prospectuses, they would be justified in sanctioning this measure. The plan commenced by proposing, that not less than £250,000, nor more than £500,000, should be the capital of the company. Then, among other things, the first prospectus stated, that a first-rate watch, by means of the machinery of the inventor, could be completed in a week, whereas it took six weeks to make one according to the ordinary methods. This came out in Oct. or Nov., but, notwithstanding, not a single share was subscribed for. Well, the other day another prospectus came out, stating that M. Ingoldt's machinery could furnish an incredible number in a day [hear]; he got from one watch in a week to an incredible number in a day. Still not one share had yet been taken. Then it was resolved to come to parliament, and try to get a bill, in the expectation that the shares would immediately begin to go off. Then, again, the first prospectus required a deposit of £5 a share; they had now come down to £2 a share. The Hon. Member had characterised the inventor as "a simple-minded man." Now let them see about that. The simple-minded man had reserved to himself 2400 shares not to be subject to contributions, and 1-5th of the net profits of the concern as long as he should continue to be one of the managers. Now, the shares were to be £25 a-piece; therefore the amount of the inventor's shares would be £60,000, and as the profits of the concern were stated at 90 per cent., the account would stand, M. Ingoldt's net profits on his shares £54,000, his 1-5th of the whole profits £75,000; which gave M. Ingoldt, the simple-minded man, an income of £129,000 a-year [loud laughter]. It was said this bill was to enable a company to hold the patent; but the specifications of the patent were not yet out, and they would not be out till May, and how was the House to know whether there ever would be a patent at all or not? On this ground alone, then, that the measure was premature, he might rest his opposition to it. There was nothing about the objects of this company that might not be equally well done, and that did not equally come within the reach of a common partnership. In fact, he thought there was nothing in it but a mere speculation to raise some money; it was attempted at Versailles in 1835 and failed; and at Paris in 1840 it was again attempted, and the French government was imposed upon, as his Hon. Friend was now. He entreated the House not to become the dupes of one of the grossest of bubbles. On these grounds he moved that the second reading should take place that day six months. The amendment having been seconded,

Mr. GLADSTONE said the subject was a most important one. It might be injurious to some individuals, but it was clear that the watch and clock trade had almost been lost to this country; and therefore, without approving of the company, or its principle, he thought the House might, with perfect safety, send the bill before a select committee for a full and fair investigation. He trusted the House would allow the bill a second reading, and then discuss the scientific merits of the proposition to be discussed impartially before a select committee. At all events, the parties ought to have a fair trial; the bill ought to be considered, and if it was a bubble it might be rejected, and if not, it would be the duty of the House to investigate its propositions.

After a brief discussion, Mr. WARD replied. If the House refused this bill some other nation would take it up, and it would be lost to this country for ever. He trusted the House would send it for inquiry before a select committee.

Strangers were ordered to withdraw, and the House divided, when there appeared—For the second reading, 77; Against it, 154; Majority, 77.

The bill is consequently lost for the present session.

The Earl of Wicklow, on behalf of Lord Brougham, gave notice that on Tuesday, April 4, that learned Lord would submit a motion for a vote of approbation of the late American treaty, and of thanks to the Noble Lord by whom it had been successfully negotiated.

SUPPLY.—CIVIL CONTINGENCIES.

House of Commons, March 27.

Some petitions having been presented, the House resolved itself into a Committee of Supply, and Sir G. Clerk moved that a sum of £110,000 be granted for civil contingencies. On this, Mr. Williams strongly objected to many of the items, particularly to the expenses of the Earl of Wilton (£1,117), for conveying to the King of Saxony the order of the Garter; to £1,591 for the passage of Sir C. Bagot to Canada, £911 being set down as the cost of conveying his baggage from New York to Canada; to £1,921 for clothing the trumpeters to two regiments of Life Guards; and to £55 for altering the armorial bearings of the Prince of Wales, notwithstanding the ample revenues secured to him from the Duchy of Cornwall. The answer of Sir G. Clerk was, that Earl Wilton had merely charged his bare expenses to Saxony, without receiving one shilling for the mission himself; that the cost of conveying Sir C. Bagot's baggage had been greatly increased by an accident happening to the vessel destined to convey him, so that another had to be hired, and a fresh outfit procured; that the charge for the trumpeters was not annual, but only once in three or four years, and was incurred for their rich state dresses, the clothing of the whole bands being included under the general item of "trumpeters' dresses;" and that, as to the items charged connected with the ceremonies of the royal christening, of which the alteration of the armorial bearings was one, those ceremonies had been expensive, yet no greater than was necessary to give effect to so important a national event. Lastly, the entire vote was £20,000 less than last year, and £5,000 less than the year preceding that.

In the discussion that ensued Mr. Hume repeated, for the twentieth time as he said, his recommendation that such estimates as the one before the House should be examined by a committee previous to being brought before them. He went over nearly the same ground as Mr. Williams, but noticed one item which had escaped his vigilance—the charge of £2,700 for conducting the defence of Mr. McLeod in America. This expense, Mr. Hume contended, should have fallen entirely on Mr. McLeod, as he had no business to go into the States territory as he did. If the Order of the Garter was to be sent to the King of Saxony, it might have been packed in a box and sent by the ordinary conveyance.

Sir R. Peel answered the objections in detail. He did not think it fitting, when the most honourable order of this ancient monarchy was sent to a foreign sovereign, that it should be packed in a box with straw, and despatched by the mail. The whole expense attendant on the christening of the Prince of Wales, rendered unusually heavy by the visit of the King of Prussia, which had afforded to her Majesty and the nation so much satisfaction, had been borne by the Queen, with the exception of the £2,500 now so unexpectedly objected to. Allusion had been made to the revenues of Cornwall; but the Queen, on the birth of the present Prince of Wales, had divested herself of the whole of those revenues, and assigned them to trustees for the Prince.

The objections to the estimates were renewed by Captain Bernal, who protested against the charge of £603, for the passage-money of the Bishop of Jerusalem and his suite. Mr. Hume observed that the cost of the Bishop's passage to Jaffa had been actually greater than that of Lord Ashburton to and from the United States. Mr. Goulburn reminded him, that the mission of Lord Ashburton being but temporary, there had been no exportation of his family, or of carriages, or other outfit and equipage; whereas the bishop, going upon a permanent duty, had been obliged to take a considerable establishment. Mr. Muntz moved the reduction of the vote by that sum, and on a division found 37 to support him; 112 voting for the grant as originally proposed.

ST. GEORGE'S SOCIETY, NEW YORK. ANNIVERSARY DINNER.

The annual dinner of this excellent benevolent Society ordinarily takes place on the day dedicated to the honor of England's tutelary Saint, namely the 23d day of April; but as this occurred on Sunday last, the festival was postponed till the following day. It is now our pleasing task to describe the scene which took place at the Astor Hotel, and which for the number and quality of participants therein, excellence and abundance of viands and creature-comforts, hilarity of feeling, eloquence of speech, delightful music, and the general harmony of soul which pervaded through its details, was, we need not hesitate to say, surpassingly gratifying, and far beyond anything which the St. George's Society of New York had ever witnessed.

The Stewards of the day having learnt by experience that the nominal hour for dinner was never the real one, very judiciously accelerated it by one hour, and thus, by appointing 5 o'clock they were enabled to have the company set at table by about half past six. And well it was they did so, as it happened; for the speakers during the evening were so numerous and so eloquent, that it was not till the arrival of the first matin hour that the regular standing toasts and their consequent replies were disposed of.

The Chair was most worthily filled by Joseph Fowler, Esq., a gentleman who having formerly sustained the honour and good feeling of the Society as its chairman, was now, after a respite of tranquillity, again unanimously returned as its President. He was supported by the Presidents of the St. Patrick's, the German, the New England, the St. Nicholas, and the St. David's Societies, the Chaplain of the Society (Rev. Dr. Wainwright), their Honours the Mayor of New York and the Recorder, the Right Hon. Lord John Hay, commanding H.B.M. Warspite, the British Consul of this port and his venerable predecessor, Capt. Sands of the U. S. Navy, Capt. — of the Marines attached to the Warspite, Chas. Edwards, Esq., ex-president, and Thos. Dixon, Esq., also ex-president of the Society. Besides these at the cross table, there were nearly two hundred gentlemen who filled the extensive and elegantly adorned room, devoted to the festival, among whom were many distinguished citizens of New York; and beautiful as well as gratifying it was to perceive how the latter entered with heartfelt goodwill into the spirit of the hour, which made the whole assemblage "a band of brothers."

The tables groaned under the weight of the good things that were set thereon through the excellent catership of Messrs. Coleman and Stetson, the proprietors of the hotel. By the way, however we may affect to look slightly on these matters as being but accessories towards the hilarity of the hour, there is much more in them than our pride of wisdom will generally allow us to confess. The caterers seemed to know this experimentally, for the provisions, the cookery, the wines, and the attendance were perfect; and as if all these were not enough, Mr. Stetson subsequently added the charm of his own fine voice, to increase the delights of that memorable evening. A *carte* of the dinner lies before us, but it would be a service of doubtful acceptance to shew up the particulars of what are no longer in existence, and cheat the appetite of our readers "by bare imagination of a feast." In order that "all appliances and means to boot" should be present, the Stewards had provided the excellent brass band of Mr. Dodworth—better could not be—whose strains were listened to, even to the suspension of the prevailing mirth and conversation, and there was likewise a small number of vocalists under the direction of Messrs. Loder and Phillips. Mr. Brough, formerly well-known among us as a splendid vocalist, gave his valuable voluntary assistance also; and to complete the excellence of this department, the three Messrs. Dunderdales with two friends of theirs, all forming, as it should seem, a private amateur glee company, sang two or three glees and madrigals in most exquisite taste.

We have still to say a few words on the decorations; these were neat, appropriate, and tasteful, reflecting the highest credit on Messrs. Stokes, Bradbury, Baldwin, and Hobart, who were the stewards of the occasion, and to whose successful exertions the assembled company bore ample and warm testimony ere they parted. A fine transparency of the Royal arms graced the upper end of the room above the President's head, whilst at the opposite end was that representing the cognizance of the Prince of Wales—the three ostrich feathers and the motto "Ich dien." On one side was the doughty champion St. George in combat with the dragon, and on the other side was the bearings of Prince Albert; around the room were hung tablets with the names of British worthies inscribed. The flags of Great Britain and the United States were mutually intertwined in such manner as we trust the hearts and feelings of the two nations will long continue to combine; the ceiling of the room being elegantly and classically painted, was incapable of improvement by temporary means, and the coup d'œil was altogether imposing and pleasing in the highest degree, through the absence of all superfluous ornament.

Proceed we now to the dinner. The Rev. Chaplain of the Society implored a blessing on the feast, in the simple but deeply touching style for which he is so remarkable; his few but emphatic words seeming to bind together all the individuals present, of whatsoever nation, in brotherly harmony. Then, soon was heard the clash of arms:—

Great was the clatter of the knives and forks
Of changing dishes, and of drawing corks,
The ring of glasses, the exchang'd hob-nob,
And feelings' burst, which in the bosom throb.

During the dinner Dodworth's band played several airs in masterly style, some of which were encored with loud acclamation; and after the cloth was removed the gentlemen who took the vocal department sang "Non nobis Domine" emphatically and well.

The President then rose, and spoke as follows:—

Brothers of St. George, and Gentlemen:—It has been truly said that among all the sources of human enjoyment there are none so calmly healthful, so gently cheering to the mind, so agreeably expansive to the heart, so enduring and so pure, as are to be found in the free and proper exercise of our social and benevolent affections [loud cheers.] Impressed and fortified by the force and truth of this sentiment, I trust, that on the present occasion, I shall be able to escape those untimely attacks of trepidation and embarrassment which have sometimes overtaken the humble individual you have made your chairman, when called upon to address an assemblage like the present. [Immense cheering.] I feel indeed so encouraged, sustained, and immeasurably gratified, by the exhilarating scene which is spread before me, that I can scarcely recognise my own humble identity. [Cheers.]

To find myself supported by so large a body of my countrymen,—to see this time-honoured festival attended by so many distinguished visitors,—are circumstances in themselves abundantly gratifying; but if you ask your Chairman, which, of all the features presented by this touching spectacle, is to him the most attractive, his ready answer is, The joyous expression which beams in and lights up every countenance around him [loud applause:] for this it is which assures him that you have gladly assembled yourselves under the banners of St. George and Merrie England, to snatch a bright interval from the cares and trials of ordinary life, and that you have come here with a determination not only to participate in, but to contribute your full share of those enjoyments which characterise and are inseparable from a social united family party. [Loud cheers.] Under the inspiring associations of such a scene as this, ceremony and formality can find no favour here; allow me then, in all sincerity of heart and cordiality of feeling to bid you welcome. A welcome to you all! [Enthusiastic and continued cheers were here given throughout the assembly.]

My countrymen have placed me in a proud and enviable position; but it is on an occasion when as much pride and as much exultation will be swelling in their own breasts as in mine; and these are emotions which none can wish to repress, because they emanate from those strong and sacred sympathies which unite the Sons of St. George, as a band of brothers, in the noble cause of *Charity*; [great cheering.] and long may they live to plead and prosper in such a cause!

We have met to commemorate the fifty-seventh anniversary of our Society,—a day devoted by you to the indulgence of every benevolent and every social feeling—and being also a day consecrated to England's glory, I know you will celebrate it in a manner becoming the children of her cherished soil. All-absorbing as such a celebration should be, I am aware that I have no right to intrude upon you any personal feeling on my own behalf;—but how can I avoid this! Overwhelmed as I confess myself to be, by the force of such feelings, let me ask for your indulgence a few moments longer.

The signal mark of attachment which you have been pleased to bestow upon me, in electing me—and almost by acclamation—to this Presidential chair, which for one term, and some years back, I had already filled, calls for acknow-

ledgements I have no power to embody [cheers]—and it is better for me to appeal to your own feelings to form an opinion of mine, than to try to express my gratitude by any of the trite and exhausted forms of complimentary acknowledgment [immense cheering]. But, gentlemen, there is one way left of shewing my gratitude, for the confidence you have again extended to me; and that is, by steadily persevering in the conduct by which I have gained it [applause]; by following in the footsteps of my excellent predecessors, and by pursuing that course which appears best fitted to promote the benign objects of our association; and if, by more zealous devotion than I have hitherto manifested, I can succeed in multiplying our numbers,—if, by the development or revival of any latent or neglected sympathies, I can bind you in still closer ties of brotherhood;—then shall I rejoice in being privileged to wear this badge of distinction which you have again entrusted to me; then shall I more gladly co-operate with you in extending relief to the forlorn, the indigent, and the afflicted, who may have claims on that bounty which the generous Sons of St. George never fail to supply [great cheering].

Let us, Brother-members, for ever bear in mind the laudable characteristics of our Institution; remembering also that there are two kinds of charity;—the charity of action and the charity of opinion! The former may exist without the latter, but the latter can only want the means to exercise both [cheers]. I will detain you no longer except to ask your kind aid in giving effect to the proceedings of the day, and to beg you will join me in drinking the Standard Toast, which is always "foremost on the file,"—

1. "The Day and all who honour it; St. George and Merrie England."

(This was honoured with three times three cheers, and a national air by the Band.)

Our second toast cannot fail to excite the loyalty and love of every true-born Briton; for it is in honour of that fair young creature who, as THE LADY OF THE KINGDOMS, now graces the British Throne—[loud and hearty cheers]—the throne of the Plantagenets; and who, as the Sovereign of our native land, is as dearly beloved by us as by the millions who own her sway. Fill then your flowing bumpers to—

2. "THE QUEEN! God bless her."

(The prelude and the toast were received with loud and successive cheers, and the national anthem was sung by the vocal band, assisted by Mr. Brough, and chorussed by the voices of all present.)

Our third standing toast, gentlemen, is expressed briefly, but it is an expressive one, I give you—

3. "The Prince of Wales."

(Loyalty to the reigning family was here manifested by the company, who gave three times three and one cheer more.)

Our next standing toast, gentlemen, is—

4. "Prince Albert and the Royal Family."

(This was received with loud acclamations, and was followed by the glee, "Hail, Star of Brunswick.")

Englishmen are sometimes accused of overweening prejudices and predilections; but, this much in their vindication I will say; that, with all their partialities, they deeply reverence the Institutions of the land we live in; that it is far from their desire to wound the prejudices or the feelings of any man; but on the contrary, they are eager on all public and private occasions to evince the profound respect they feel for the authorities of this great and free country—[enthusiastic cheering]—to which, moreover, they feel united by all the ties of natural and national affinity. I therefore claim all the honours in giving—

5. "The President of the United States."

(The plaudits on the announcement of this toast were nearly deafening, and were continued as if there were to be no end. It was drunk with enthusiasm, and the band played "Hail! Columbia!")

I am happy to say that we have present some very distinguished guests who will feel great interest in the next toast. It relates to the United Service.

6. "The United Service—Wooden walls and British Grenadiers—China and Afghanistan have added to their laurels."

(The toast was honoured with three times three and "one cheer more;" the patriotic song of "Rule Britannia" was sung by an amateur in excellent style, the chorus being taken up by all the company.) After which the following response, to the following effect, was made by

LORD JOHN HAY—As the service to which I belong has been toasted so warmly, it is my duty to return thanks for the honor you have done it in introducing the last toast. Allusion has been made to the conduct of the navy in China and Afghanistan. The result of that has been, I believe, most satisfactory to the British nation, and I hope will be so to the whole world. (Great applause.) I do trust that the navy has shown that it can do its duty, recollecting that the best part of its duty is the humane manner in which it is discharged. Its whole conduct in China has given satisfaction to the British public, and shown that it desired to advance the honor and interests of the flags of all nations. (Great cheers.) In settling that case, they were not forgetful of the commercial interests of the whole world. (Great applause.) I believe they intend to teach the Chinese nation a lesson they have never before learned—that was to observe honesty in their dealings, and trade with others on just and equitable terms. (Cheers.) With regard to the affairs in India, a wise man was sent there; he found his predecessors had gone a step too far, and he wisely stepped that far back. (Great cheers.) Every naval officer with whom I am acquainted participates in my feelings, that the greatest pleasure abroad is to meet our countrymen abroad. (Great cheers.) It is impossible for me to express the gratification I experience in meeting a society like this, one so ably described by your chairman as established for benevolent purposes—for extending the hand of charity to the suffering stranger—(Great applause.)—Indeed I am fully justified in saying that the strongest mark of an Englishman's character is his charity to his countrymen—(Great cheering.) The most agreeable duty I ever performed was in bringing to New York that distinguished statesman, Lord Ashburton—(Cheers.) He was selected by our Sovereign as the most fitting person to negotiate, or rather disentangle certain difficulties which had disturbed both of the great nations and kept them in a state of excitement without reason—(cheers.) By his talents, integrity, and high character, and the happy circumstance of meeting with a high-minded statesman in this country—(tremendous applause)—who enabled him to carry the wishes and views of his own government into effect—(great cheers) the result was, I have no doubt, to lay the foundation of a lasting peace between both nations—(applause.) Proof most satisfactory has thus been afforded of the wisdom of selecting two high-minded statesmen to settle such difficulties instead of entering on a long and unnatural war—(tremendous applause.) I trust, in saying this, I only anticipate what a few years will show, that not only a lasting peace has been made, but that a treaty highly conducive to the commercial interests of both nations has been negotiated. (His Lordship then resumed his seat amid great applause.)

Gentlemen, I claim a flowing bumper for the next toast. I will set you the example. I give—

7. "The Army and Navy of the United States."

(Here again the cheering was most warmly repeated; the band played the air of "The Star-Spangled Banner," and the compliment was acknowledged briefly but happily by

COMMODORE SANDS;—who said that action and not speaking was his profession, and he would therefore content himself with giving a sentiment: "The two services, under the Ashburton Treaty: May the only strife between them be to secure freedom to the free; to the captive, liberty!")

It would have been delightful to have had among us the two distinguished individuals who are the subjects of our next toast;—then we should have had Englands, Old and New, most admirably personified. And the honest old parent glad and proud to meet such offspring. Our invitation to Lord Ashburton unfortunately was not despatched in time [laughter]; and although it reached the hands of Mr. Webster, that gentleman could not, to his and our regret, favour us with his presence. I shall nevertheless now propose to you the Healths of

8. "Lord Ashburton and Daniel Webster. A lasting peace between Mother and Daughter. Why should they be divided whose interests are one?"

(Nothing could surpass the enthusiasm with which this toast was received. It was followed by the fine glee of "Hail! Smiling morn"; and then the President proceeded as follows:—)

9 "His Honor the Mayor, and the Municipal Authorities of the city of New York."

(This was received with great cheering, and—

The Mayor responded as follows:—"Mr. President and gentlemen! Gentlemen, I thank the President for the kind terms in which he has been pleased to allude to the manner in which I have endeavored to discharge a duty, as a friend to the Immigrant Association, now forming in this city, by his aid, and that of his brethren of the foreign associations among us. And I thank him, too, gentlemen, for reminding you that you are citizens of New York, as well as Englishmen. That is a bond of sympathy which touches me nearly; and, as for our city, I will not detain you by saying a word; were I to speak till early dawn, I do not believe I should be able to say as much in its favour as all of you in your hearts sincerely feel. [Applause.]

Mr. President, while listening to your sentiment to-night, and joining in approval of it, I felt that this board presented a dauntless portrait of England and America, as they now seem to the eyes of the world. We have portrayed, here, every line and lineament of that Principle, which beats in the hearts of all true Englishmen, and which finds a ready and sincere echo in every American bosom. When I heard the toast to the Queen I felt transported to "bonnie England"; and when I listened to the cheers with which the toast to the President of the United States was received by you I knew I was at home! [Cheers.] When Lord Ashburton was named, I felt as if I, too, had been a Briton; and when I heard you applaud so warmly a sentiment to the honour of Daniel Webster, I felt as if every voice around me was, indeed, that of a native born brother of my own happy soil. [Loud cheers.]

Mr. President, when I heard my noble friend (Lord John Hay) speak of the United Service of England, and when I heard my old school-fellow, (Capt. S.) some years my senior, gentlemen! [Laughter and cheers] give a sentiment in honor of the two services of the two countries—I felt as though the "seagirt isle" was completely mixed up with our own republican continent. I heard the President speak of the mother and the daughter. Gentlemen, in my soul I feel as if our lands were, rather, brothers!—[Cheers.]

Mr. President, there is a spirit abroad in both our countries; it is felt by the young, and pervades all hearts, no matter what you call the government, hereditary or representative; it is a desire to cultivate, to rear, to extend that spirit which must redound to the liberty and happiness of the human race. And in my soul, Mr. President, I believe that that spirit is onward in its march; I know it; for the Anglo-Saxon race, (no matter where, sir, no matter under what sky,) never attempts anything that is not successful! [Great applause.] And the result will be, sir, it must be the full realization of this spirit's perfect fruition. And if even now the time is not, it yet is not far distant, when the cross of St. George, and the Stars and Stripes shall be seen in every sea, contending together and as one, for the rights, the prosperity, the privileges, of the great human family!

10. "Our Sister Societies. To them all we offer the hand of fellowship; to their Representatives a hearty welcome."

(The applause here was tremendous. The toast was drunk with four times three; the band then played "Auld lang syne"; after which acknowledgments were made by the following gentlemen:—

JAMES REYBURN, Esq., President of "The Society of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick," rose and said—

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the St. George's Society; my friends give me credit for possessing many of the characteristics of my native country, but I regret to say that eloquence is not amongst them, nevertheless, I rise with pleasure to reply to the last toast, and on behalf of "the Society of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick," thank you for the complimentary manner in which you have been pleased to notice your Sister Societies. Sincerely do I congratulate you, sir, on the accession of Members which your festive board presents; and I trust the same increase may crown the exertions of all our national charities. I will not detain this joyous company longer than to offer a sentiment which has been suggested by the announcement of Her most gracious Majesty's intention to visit Ireland this Summer, where I am certain a most hearty Irish welcome awaits her. I now call upon my English friends to drink the following toast—

"The August visit of her Majesty Queen Victoria to Ireland—May its fruits be love and joy."—[Great applause.]

Mr. FABER, President of the "German Society."—In rising, Mr. President and Gentlemen, to thank you on the part of the Society, as whose representative I again enjoy the honour of being your guest, for the cordial manner in which you have remembered your Sister Societies, and for the marked hospitality which you have so frequently extended to me, not only on the occasion of these anniversaries, but on other national festivals, I can but repeat how gratifying this acknowledgment of the near connexion between our respective nations has ever been to me. Indeed I may almost take the flattering unctio to my heart, that I am thus distinguished by being the countryman of Prince Albert! [Laughter and applause.] While I join in the congratulations to the Sons of St. George, on the return of this auspicious day, I must add my felicitations on their having called you, Mr. President, to the distinguished post you occupy; since their choice could not have fallen on any one more endowed with all those qualities which in one word constitute *The English Gentleman*. [Loud and continued cheers.] If I may be permitted to allude to any one point of character, which beyond all others distinguishes Englishmen, while sojourning far away from their beloved native land, it is their loyalty,—their ardent attachment to their sovereign, and to the glorious constitution of Old England! [Great cheering.] Your cheers attest the truth of my remarks; what better can I do then, than give you as my sentiments,—

"Patriotism and Loyalty! Blended into one in every English heart, they tend to perpetuate the chivalry of St. George in the Sons of Albion."

Mr. DRAPER, President of The New England Society, in an elegant and forcible speech alluded to the late treaty as a happy conclusion of difficulties through the aid of a distinguished native of New England, and gave as a toast

"Old England and New England—may the flags of both be held forth to the world, for ever, as the sure protection of national justice, personal rights, and generous impulses."

Mr. COLDEN, President of the St. David's Society, next took up the reply, which was neat and emphatical. It was concluded by offering as a toast,—
"Lord Morpeth" coupled with an elegant sentiment in just eulogy of his Lordship, which met the response from all present.

Mr. BENSON, President of the St. Nicholas' Society, responded in his usual happy manner, and gave as his toast, the following:—

"Commerce' England's strength in her utmost need, and which added to her crown its brightest jewels. If left unshackled and free, it will give happiness and prosperity to every nation."

11. "Our native Land!"

(This toast was honoured with most enthusiastic cheering, after which Mr. Brough sang in his happiest style the song of "My Boyhood's Home." In this he was warmly encored, and he obligingly took his place again at the Piano, but instead of repeating the song he gave another, equally appropriate, called "My happy home," which was greatly applauded.)

12. "The Land we live in."

(This was received with three times three, "and one more," and the vocalists sang the old glee of "Glorious Apollo.")

I cannot announce our next toast, which is complimentary to the Representatives of the British Government in this country, without requesting you very particularly to connect with it the name and station of one of our distinguished guests; and as I am confident that you all agree with me in believing that in the selection of ANTHONY BARCLAY, Esq., for our new Consul, the choice of Her Majesty has been most felicitous [loud cheers]. You will need no stimulus at my hands to extend your greetings to the new incumbent, and whom we all know to be every inch a gentleman! You will consider, therefore, that the health, happiness, and prosperity of that true son of St. George, Mr. Anthony Barclay, is most emphatically included in our thirteenth standard toast.

13. "Mr. Fox and H. M. Representatives on this Continent."

(The company rose spontaneously almost before the toast was read, and received it in such a manner as could not fail to be grateful to Mr. Barclay's feelings. When the tumult subsided, Mr. Brough sang "The Old English Gentleman," not *en artiste*, but as conscious of the application which he was then making to the occasion which called it forth. The following was the reply:—

Mr. BARCLAY rose and said, that if he possessed the intelligence of one minute of the waking moments of Her Majesty's Representative at Washington, he would express thanks for the notice taken of that distinguished individual, in a manner worthy of him. As for the compliment the Society had been pleased to pay to himself, what could he say? He scarcely deserved to be called a representative of her Majesty, but as one of her humblest subjects he returned his cordial thanks. He was grateful for the connection of his name with that of Her Majesty's Minister. The flattering expression of kindly feelings which he had on all occasions experienced when attending this anniversary dinner, could not fail to render it always a most agreeable event. If he were conscious of any meritorious conduct he would say that these expressions were at once a reward and a stimulus. That the approbation of the Sons of St. George would prove a stimulus in his new relation towards them, he gave his sincere assurance (cheers). With their encouraging sentiments he should go through his duty—often painful and delicate—rejoicing; and should hope that, as he received office from his sovereign, to resign it with honor uncompromised, and with their approbation. He congratulated them on the prosperous state of their Society; they had kept steadily in view the great object of their association, *patriotic benevolence*. No introduction of narrow politics, producing vulgarity, offence, and discord, had been allowed to endanger their harmony and union by their bitter ferments. Their views were not polemical but peaceful—the victory they sought was that of enlarged Charity, to overcome the distresses of their suffering countrymen, and to conciliate the regard of those who were more fortunate. The great and good company attracted there that day, evinced the fact, that it was considered a treat to attend the St. George's festival. But however praiseworthy and beneficent such institutions might be, however important their harmony and peace, how utterly do they sink into comparative insignificance when put into competition with the peace and friendship of two great nations, like that whence they sprang, and that which affords them their present happy domicile. In regard to the happy state of the relations between Great Britain and the United States, the gallant Lord on the right of the chair had passed to windward of him, and taken the wind out of his sails; while on the merits of the able negotiators, who were so fortunate as to accomplish the Treaty of Washington, the Chairman had got into the market before him, and taken all the stock that was worth having. He was sure they would rejoice with him in those noble, conciliatory, and peaceful sentiments, latterly uttered in Parliament by England's distinguished Premier, Sir Robert Peel. His remarks were brief, but worthy of remembrance. Speaking of the Ashburton treaty, Sir Robert observed, the object was not "mere adjustment, but conciliation and satisfaction. Thousands, nay millions of acres, are nothing in comparison of friendship with America."

Mr. FOWLER now arose, and with obvious emotion, remarked that as the tribute of respect which was due to those who are now the Representatives of the British Government on this continent has been paid, he now asked them to do honour to one who has been—and for a very long period—a faithful steward of the Crown—one of our specially invited Guests at this Festival, is our late Consul, James Buchanan, Esq., and who, with the snows of three-score years and ten gathered upon his temples, has lately resigned his official duties, and is about to leave New York, in the enjoyment of the esteem and regard of all who have known him, officially and individually, during a residence here of more than a quarter of a century. If that gentleman were not present I should narrate many of his good deeds—of a public and a private character—but on his account, and rather than give him uneasiness, I shall refrain, contenting myself with now presenting to him a spontaneous tribute which has been rendered in consideration of his eminent public services and private worth, by men of all nations, and more especially by the British and American Merchants of this city.

This address I shall now read to you:—

To JAS. BUCHANAN, Esq.—Sir: As you are about to retire from the duties of office and are likely to leave the city of New York, we the undersigned, hereby offer you our best wishes, and desire thus to acknowledge the number of years in which you have fearlessly, indefatigably, and honourably sustained yourself as British Consul: while in private life you have evidenced the proper du-

ties that belong to a husband, parent, and friend. Ardentely praying for your happiness in your retirement, We remain, &c.

Mr. Fowler then turned to Mr. Buchanan, and in delivering to him the Address, through the medium of Mr. Barclay, feelingly remarked—"Long, my dear sir, may your life be spared to enjoy this reward—it is one which station alone could not have commanded, nor wealth have purchased; but it may serve to fill the measure of public honour and private esteem, due alike to your official and private character. Now fill, gentlemen, to the health and happiness of our Ex-Consul, JAMES BUCHANAN, Esq."

Mr. BUCHANAN, deeply affected by the presentation of the address, and the cheering which followed, in a feeling manner expressed how greatly it was enhanced by passing to him on this occasion, through the hand of his highly esteemed successor. When he landed on these shores nearly 27 years ago, he little expected such an outpouring of good feeling and honours, not only by his fellow subjects, but also by several of the most distinguished of the citizens, [cheers.] As his official duties were commended, he would be pardoned in stating, that he never anticipated such an approval; he had endeavoured to discharge his duty to his sovereign, by maintaining the rights of his fellow subjects without compromising what was due to his country. [Loud cheers.] He was bound to express his grateful feelings for the uniform, and many acts of kindness he had ever experienced; not only from the General and State authorities, but from those of this city, the cultivation of which he deemed of great importance in all official intercourse with them. [great cheering.] Those who were fathers, and grandfathers could alone enter into his feelings, and duly appreciate the highly prized legacy, which would be handed to his posterity by the address; and while written on parchment, yet it was so deeply engraven on his heart, that he would enjoin upon his numerous children and their posterity ever to cherish a grateful sense of the honour conferred on their father, so that they should ever prove to the signers, and their posterity, their gratitude. Before he sat down, he would not omit observing in these extraordinary times, that it was cheering to every man connected with England, to witness that although *Reputation* was so widely, and so ruinously to character acted on, yet the British Merchants stood firm in upholding the Moral Principle, [loud cheering,] while he observed with proud feeling for the honour of the British character, there were many at this festive board who thus sustained the honour of their country, and among them, one, who has stood prominent through his whole life—need I name your estimable and highly respected President—I therefore claim the pleasure to give the health of JOSEPH FOWLER. [Tremendous cheering.]

Mr FOWLER most feelingly returned thanks, and then desired to fill to the last Standard toast

14. "Woman—lovely woman."

[We need scarcely attempt to describe how this was received: cheers were prolonged, and enthusiasm was for a while at its height. When it subsided the vocalists sang the glee "Here's a health to all good ladies."]

VOLUNTEER TOASTS.

We have now come, said the Chairman, to our Volunteer Toasts, and if I have not been able to interest your feelings before, I am sure I shall do so now, for who is there among you who will not rise and do honour to our Ex-President Edward Fisher Sanderson, [cheers.] I prefer to drop the Esquire in his case. No title is acquired to the name of one whose heart is the seat of honour, and the abode of generosity. [Loud cheering.] No one regretted his determination to withdraw from office more than I did, for no one was more worthy of this Chair than Edward F. Sanderson, but whether in office or out of office, those chords of sympathy which harmonize with the noblest feelings of our nature, will ever retain their elasticity in his breast, and respond as they have been wont to do to the touch of the unfortunate. [Great applause.] With one heart and voice then let me pledge you to the long life, and health, and happiness of my most worthy predecessor, Edward Fisher Sanderson.

(The toast was received with the deep respect so justly due to the virtues and good qualities of that truly esteemed gentleman, and it was disposed of with "all the honours.")

Mr. TINSON, the first Vice President of the Society, gave the following toast:—

"May the pleasures of Britons continue fresh as the breezes, and their virtues firm as their oaks."

Mr. JNO. TAYLOR, Jr., the second Vice President gave the following:—

"The Charity of St. George's Society—Like the quality of Mercy so beautifully described by our bard of all ages, it

"Is not strained
But blesteth like the gentle dew of heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blest,
It blesteth him that gives and him that takes."

[At this period the fine old song of "Peaceful Slumbering on the Ocean," harmonized as a glee, was sung: Mr. Chas. Stetson taking a part in excellent style.]

The President next gave the health of the Recorder, F. A. Talmadge, Esq., which was very cordially received.

Mr. TALMADGE, in delivering thanks, said, he had no expectation of being called to his feet. He came to that festive board to sit and enjoy his hospitality. Around him were those who had sought a home on the shores of this free land. He, for one, gave them a hearty welcome, and said, "Good speed you in all your laudable enterprises." [Cheers.] In that sentiment, all the intelligence of this country united. [Cheers.] He concluded by expressing a hope that the treaty of conciliation recently concluded, would be as lasting as the interests of both countries. The Recorder then gave—"The health of Lord John Hay," which was drank with great applause, and the vocalists sang "Ye gentlemen of England."

LORD JOHN HAY returned thanks—next to the pleasure of bringing Lord Ashburton to New York, was that of becoming acquainted with the Recorder of this city. He had given him much valuable information; more than that, he had introduced him to the citizens of New York. The Recorder had, in fact, enabled him to learn more of the people of the United States than half the men who pretended to write about them (Cheers.) He concluded by expressing his sincere thanks for the honor done him.

Ex-President F. DIXON, Esq.—

"The better health of T. W. Moore and Daniel Oakey, Esqrs., two of the oldest members of this Society."

The President rose and remarked—

He had yet a most gratifying and imperative duty to perform. Let us not forget, said he, that our Charitable Committee make benevolence their every day work—their ears are always open to the cries of lowly poverty. It is their willing but daily duty to explore the recesses alike of loud and silent suffering—(Cheers)—he who is rich to-day may be poor to-morrow. Worldly distinctions are required to sustain social order—but charity in all seasons, and towards all human beings—is their actuating principle—for they know that the luxurious

dweller in the palace will be no more "at the last day" than he who has pined for "another and a better world," in the obscure and comfortless hut of abject poverty—(Great applause.) Allow me then to propose the health, comfort and happiness, of all who have for the past year been serving on

"The Charitable Committee of our Society."

MR. JACKSON responded to this toast in the name of himself and colleagues, most feelingly and appropriately; observing that if anything could add to the gratification of being the dispensers of bounty and assistance to those who needed either, it was that of knowing that those in whose behalf they had to minister their charities were ready to appreciate and approve the manner in which those sacred duties were performed.

The Chairman rose and again remarked—

"As I am unable of myself to express all the encomiums due to those who have served as stewards to this brilliant entertainment, I will call upon all who have participated in it to join me in covering them with glory—(Cheers.) At my hands these gentlemen deserve acknowledgments I have no language to convey—at yours, they will meet with the reward due to their matchless zeal—to their marked urbanity, and to the taste and refinement they have displayed in all the appointments of this glorious Festival—(Long and repeated cheers.) Let us therefore, do full honor to The Stewards of the 57th Anniversary."

MR. STOKES on behalf of his brother Stewards, now came forward and in a speech of great eloquence and feeling returned thanks for the warm approbation which had been bestowed on their exertions. We regret we have not this beautiful speech *in extenso*, as it was really one of the gems of the evening.

MR. ELLIMAN, the senior Secretary gave,

"Our native City—with the friends we have left there."

MR. OWEN, the junior Secretary, gave,

"The Duke of Wellington."

DR. HOUSTON proposed

"The health of our hosts—Messrs. Coleman, and Stetson—may they live a thousand years, and their shadow be never the less."

MR. THOMAS BELL, rose and gave—

"THE WARSPITE—She has no spite to evince except against her foes."

LIEUTENANT DICKSON rose and said, that it was rather in bad taste for him to rise after his Captain had so fully satisfied all by his frank, fluent and pertinent remarks; but he could only say that when the name of the "Warspite" was mentioned when the Captain was absent, he considered it his duty, when present, to make a response, and he regretted the circumstance as had he supposed he would be called upon, he should have been prepared with a speech as long as the main top bowline. [Great laughter and cheering.]

. At this period the worthy President who had sustained his arduous duties through so many hours,—it was now past one o'clock,—retired from the chair which he had graced so ably. He was cheered as he passed from the room, and undoubtedly was gratified by the last token of respect paid to him. The chair was then taken by R. TINSON, Esq., the first vice-president; and the company, now considerably thinned, drew up together in closer contact or proximity. At this time we also retired, after the enjoyment of the most glorious festival which we had ever witnessed; and leaving behind us a set of choice spirits who were likely enough to continue the "small hours" until they should be nearly merging into those of higher designation.

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THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1843.

. We have taken the liberty to send a copy of this number of our Journal, as a specimen, to a few gentlemen, whose approbation and support it would be gratifying to obtain.

OUR OBJECTS AND PLAN.

The very outset of an undertaking like the present is undoubtedly the most fitting juncture to effect a perfect understanding between ourselves and our readers; and it is an imperative duty to do so, on both accounts, as tending most directly to enable us to jog on together with confidence and ease. We would refer therefore first to our title, next to our Prospectus on the last page of this number, and lastly to the few remarks which we have here to offer.

THE ANGLO AMERICAN we consider to be an appropriate name for our Journal, not simply because its proprietors are severally an American citizen and a British subject; but because it has objects in view which they deem holy and noble in nature, and towards which they bring at least a most heartfelt desire to be successful. It may be partly perceptible in the vignette which adorns our title, and is intended to express our determination to uphold and sustain kindly feelings and amicable relations between the two great nations whose emblems are there combined, without trenching upon any matters compromising the true honour and dignity of either. There has already been too much of invidious reflection or of malicious insinuation made by those who, being either lamentably ignorant of facts, or having private purposes to serve, or what is worse than either, being mischief-makers for the sake of the odious pleasure they derive from public broils, have taken pains to magnify apparent evils, to distort plain facts, and to cast clouds on the brighter features of the relations between the United States and the British Empire. But such persons argue in vain, and against the nature of things; for how is it morally possible that, with a common origin, a common language, much actually ascertained propinquity of blood, laws founded upon a common basis, an intercourse more extensive between the two people than between any two other nations of the world—the people of these countries should be able to shake off these ties, to renounce this connection, to exhibit a snarling aspect and a hostile attitude, and hold aloof from that brotherly confidence which so many causes contribute to inspire?

In the next place our motto will in a measure explain the conduct we wish to adopt in the management of THE ANGLO AMERICAN, and which we shall endeavour to carry out as faithfully as the infirmity of human nature, and the prejudices which more or less affect every mind, will permit. "Hear both

sides" is good fair play, and is equally applicable to the disputes between nations, the measures of opposing legislators, and the squabbles between individuals; and it can only be by hearing both sides that the true state of a case can be elicited. Every thinking man has some general bias of opinion, and his conclusions will inevitably be tinged by that bias; such is the result of education and habits of thought, and it requires both great candour and great moral courage to acknowledge the surrender of a long-established notion. But our object is truth, and our cry is "measures, not men;" therefore, whilst we shall give the speeches fairly on both sides in all the important debates which we report, and endeavour to extract truth from the exaggerations and discolorations which may be found in the arguments, so, also, will we endeavour to do justice to public men on which side soever they may be found in politics. Though having our leanings, we do not believe that all the members of one party are infallible, and that all those of the other are either foolish or dishonest. "Palmarum qui meruit ferat" is a fair adjunct to "Audi alteram partem," and it will be our earnest object to hold the balance even, when weighing the merits of those who may be put into the scale.

The general scope of our journal is briefly expressed in the particulars which follow the title in our prospectus; we shall endeavour to be as full on those subjects as circumstances will admit; but one peculiarity we may point out, in which we shall probably differ somewhat from the generality of such portion of our contemporaries as come under the head of literary and political journalists. We shall assuredly abstain from the re-printing of long and consecutive works, whether of fiction or of more abstruse matter, which shall have already appeared from foreign presses and which may have obtained copy-right anywhere. Quote, we may and shall, but with the evident object of quotation; extract, we may and shall, but with the purpose of illustrating our opinions concerning the work in question, and we may avail ourselves of a fugitive essay, poetical effusion, or public lecture, as *fera natura*, and for the use of all. We wish to steer not only a right course but a clear one, and to maintain an honorable competition with the journals of our day, without entering into invidious comparisons, malicious insinuations, or disparaging reflections; and, feeble as our endeavours may prove, we do earnestly desire to render the Press useful by its information and ennobling by its conduct. Above all,—and in this we are very sure we shall fulfil our professions—our pages shall never be sullied by an impurity, nor shall the eye of the most decorous and delicate have need to hesitate ere perusing the matter on which we shall treat. It will always be a proud feeling in us to believe that THE ANGLO AMERICAN may be worthy to lie on the table of any apartment in any house; and we shall, under any circumstances, find satisfaction in the consciousness that although we may not have done much to aid the cause of science, art, or refinement, we have never outraged moral feeling nor argued against moral principle.

He must be either an exceedingly vain or a very insignificant journalist who expects to go through his professional career without jostling on the one hand, or being assailed on the other, by criticism, captiousness, malevolence, or mistake; nor can he be so overweening in his own conceit as to fancy himself never in the wrong. In such cases the journal over which he presides presents too ready a vehicle for carrying off his spleen or his anger, and he is apt to use it both unwisely and unjustly. Unwisely, because he is sure to betray his salient points; unjustly, because he inflicts upon his readers that for which they care not and did not subscribe for, and also because he accuses through a medium which is commonly refused for reply. We have not the presumption to assure our readers that we shall always be exempt from such exacerbations of feeling; but, aware that we have no right to occupy our columns, in an exorbitant degree, about our own private squabbles, we shall diligently avoid all discussions of such a nature, unless our character be essentially at stake. Angry railing will be treated with contemptuous silence, and it will be only distinct and defined allegation that will at any time induce us to entreat the patience of our readers, whilst we reply to them.

But we ought to entreat their patience now, for we have already trespassed further than we intended. The task before us is not an easy one, but it will be a labor of love, if it shall be approved by those to whose gratification we have devoted ourselves.

By the Mail Steam Packet *Britannia*, from Liverpool, via Halifax and Boston, we have English files to the 4th inst., the contents of which, although interesting, are not of any material importance.

The circumstance of the acquittal of McNaughten for the murder of Mr. Drummond, has raised a powerful sensation, which is not without interest to the inhabitants of both sides of the Atlantic. It is that of monomania or insanity, as a reason for acquittal in the case of such an outrage. There is no doubt that it would be contrary to the principles of common sense, as well as those of humanity, to inflict capital punishment upon unhappy individuals whose reason had "toppled from its throne," or whose occasional aberrations of intellect were known to affect their conduct; whose actions, in short, were either constantly or occasionally altogether beyond the control of their rational powers. But discretion in judgment upon such individual ought to be very warily used, lest the excuse should become a plea on which villains may take a stand or seek a shelter; and the number of instances in which this plea has recently been resorted to, both in England and in the United States, may well call for watchfulness and even for suspicion. With such a plea for a ready bulwark, the life of a sovereign is in continual danger, a public minister of state is menaced for the performance of his duty, individuals are waylaid, threatened, and injured; in short, by the aid of money and hard-swearing what may not the shield of insanity or of monomania defend, unless the quality of the defence be submitted to investigation and proof. We learn from the British Journals, which are loud and urgent on the subject, that incendiary letters and "reats of attack are at

present quite rife, and that both in public and in private station the frame of society is becoming uninged through the probability of escape under pretence of monomania. Conversation, but not debate, has taken place in Parliament on this subject, and as it is the opinion of a noble and learned Lord, that the law has provided sufficient defence to mankind against the evil, provided it be duly acted upon, therefore farther legislation thereon is at present unnecessary. *Nous verrons.*

The speech of Mr. Ferrand in the House of Commons on the allotment and cultivation of Waste Lands, and the readiness with which he was permitted to bring in a bill on the subject, may be considered an evident proof that Parliament is in earnest in the desire to ameliorate the condition of the lower classes and to provide for the dense population which is at present crowding the British Islands. In the eagerness of prosecuting the plan, on one hand, and of opposing it on the other, it seems to us that the antagonist speakers have exaggerated views of the matter. It cannot be denied but that great part of the ten millions of waste acres in Ireland is cultivable in a very considerable degree, and is capable of yielding a fair reward to industry. This industry would be found existing among the Irish in abundant measure, whenever the labourer should discover that his little plot was secure to him, and its produce at his own command. Let the public works of all places, where the English tongue is spoken, bear witness to the industry and perseverance of the Irish, under due encouragement, and let experience remind us how greatly they are attached to their native land and to their social connexions. Give them homes, and places however small, where they can feel that they are working for themselves and those connexions, and all Ireland would soon flourish like a garden. Mr. Ferrand is here perfectly right; the Irish want *incitements* not *excitements*, for heaven knows they are excitable enough. But when we turn to the estimated thirty millions of acres, waste land, in England, it is another affair. In the first place we believe that the amount is over stated, and secondly, we are aware that nearly all the highly cultivable land in England is inclosed, and in the hands of agriculturists. The number of inclosure bills that passed through Parliament about the close of the last and the beginning of the present century was immense, and in fact they included all the land which was thought worthy of reclamation and improvement. At a cursory glance the moors and commons which still remain waste may be deemed *waste* indeed, fit only for the casual subsistence of a few stray jackasses and cows; but a farther examination may show that although not "the fat of the land," there is much to reward the exertions of industry.

Spade labour, as was justly observed during the debate, will produce many times the proportion of fruit that could be expected from that of the plough; and though there may be many spots altogether barren in the country, we may hope and even expect much from English perseverance with such a result in prospect as the improvement of *one's own property*.

But another consequence, of no small importance, would ensue from the successful carrying out of this measure. It would cause a salutary reform in the habits, the temper, and the general health, of the class for whose benefit the measure is devised. The exercise itself is allowed to be a pleasant one, and the thought of profit would increase the pleasure. Gradually much time would be spent in improving, ornamenting, and beautifying portions of the allotments. The love of garden-neatness, and the honest pride of rural loveliness has always been a feature in the character of the British peasantry; to what an extent would they be inclined to carry it when they could reflect that "it is my own." How would the air be redolent of nature's perfume, and the well-turned earth send up its wholesome exhalations! How would the mind, forgetting the excitements of the ale-house or spirit-shop, become gradually more clear and pure, the habits sober and discreet, and all, without inflicting on unwilling hearers harsh advice! Now all this is at least a delightful prospect, and should it be but partially realized it is too good to be rejected.

Concurrent with this scheme for employment and improvement at home, we perceive that it is seriously contemplated to give encouragement to a large and judicious emigration. The occupation of the home empire of Britain, in its diminutive extent, by nearly thirty millions of inhabitants, is a startling thing to reflect upon, and may well engage the attention of those who by position and influence can move in favour of relief on the subject. This we are glad to perceive will be taken up in good earnest and with benevolent purpose; to which end we agree with a noble lord that, to be efficacious, Emigration must be *voluntary*, and that good information and advice be carefully sought. The summer before us will in all probability exhibit the details and the working of the plan; and we shall endeavour to trace them in our Journal.

THE ASHBURTON TREATY.

After all the heart-burnings, the expressions of discontent, the charges of unfair advantages, put forth by so many on both sides of the Atlantic, against the two great statesmen who effected the Treaty of Washington last year, people are at length coming towards the sober and just conclusion that the affair was conducted upon honorable principles, that it proceeded with wisdom, and was concluded upon satisfactory terms to both parties. Truly public men should be formed of stuff too firm to be shaken by the breath of the multitude, and their notions of rectitude, honour, and patriotism should be able to buoy them up against national ingratitude; for, without these qualities in a super-eminent degree it would be next to impossible to bring any public measure to an equitable conclusion, which might happen to clash with the wishes, prejudices, and feelings, of the unthinking but loud-speaking many.

It begins now to be believed—blessings on the believers, however late their faith becomes rightly settled—that Lord Ashburton and Mr. Webster have been actually faithful servants to the sovereignties to which they severally belonged, and the benefactors of their respective fellow-countrymen, in composing the differences which have so long existed between two great nations, whose relations towards each other seem intended by Nature herself to be those of amity

and mutual intercourse, upon terms of friendly compromise on both sides; and that the attempt to "flare up" about maps with red lines upon them, and uncandid concealment of known authorised documents, turns out to be but a bottle of smoke; and remarkable enough it is, that, simultaneously, or nearly so, with the notable discovery in the French archives, so apparently favourable to the British side of the question, here are maps turned out of their recesses from equally authoritative sources which turn the tide of evidence entirely the other way. Thus driven to and fro by conflicting exhibitions of Red Lines, each seeming to be from sources and accompanied by observations all but conclusive on the subject, yet none bearing directly the stamp which would bear them out as evidence, surely had they even been known to both the parties in this memorable negotiation, those sagacious statesmen would still have rejected them as impediments.

It is remarkable enough that whilst the Historical Society of this city, assisted by Mr. Webster, were discussing the circumstance of a discovery which had been made among the documents of the late P. A. Jay, Esq., son of John Jay, Esq., who had been one of the American Commissioners in the treaty of 1783, consisting of a map with a red line through it, as the mark of a boundary to Maine, coinciding with the line claimed by the United States, and with John Jay's writing underneath it, stating it to be "Mr. Oswald's line," the mail-packet from England was near the shores of America, bearing the frank and honourable testimony of the British Premier and Ministry, to the fair and upright dealing of Mr. Webster in the negotiation, notwithstanding the alleged privy of the last-mentioned gentleman to the discovery of a map bearing directly against the demands of the United States, and the cry of uncandid dealing. Sir Robert Peel is too practised a statesman and too clear-headed a man to allow such evidence, which was still of no conclusive authority, and which had conflicting evidence to encounter, to stand in the way of a negotiation in which the peace of two great nations was at stake, and which could never be brought to a satisfactory conclusion upon any terms but those which the negotiators had propounded as their basis in the outset.

The Public are frequently wrong in their first impressions upon subjects concerning which they know not and cannot know all the details, but they are always right in the long-run; and all eyes are becoming open to the mutual advantages of the Treaty of Washington, particularly to that part of it which treats on the North Eastern Boundary, and the merits and great qualities of both the Noble Lord and the Honourable Secretary are now generally acknowledged. Even Joseph Hume, no easy man to be convinced of prejudice, has been anxious to testify to the ability of Lord Ashburton; and Mr. Webster is received with acclamation and honour wheresoever he makes his appearance.

Never did discomfited statesman cut a more humiliating figure than did Lord Palmerston in the debate on this subject in the House of Commons. But it strikes us that more humiliation yet awaits him thereon. We have a story here, better authenticated perhaps than any concerning the maps which have caused so much debate, that a gentleman of great intelligence, research, and industry, resident in Canada, and possessing deserved influence through his abilities and his loyalty, became somehow aware of the existence of some such map as that described to be in the French Archives;—that he never rested until he procured a copy of it, which he got lithographed; and that he actually forwarded two copies of the lithograph, more than two years ago, to the late Lord Sydenham, two to Sir John Harvey, and two to Lord Palmerston! If these were of any value, either directly as documents, or as leading to more direct information, where are they? To Lord Palmerston in particular we would say, Where are they? If they were trivial why raise a question on the subject afterwards? If they were important why did not the Noble Ex-Secretary make them known, and let them be found in the bureau of his successor? There must at least have been great negligence herein, and, if our story be a correct one, Lord Ashburton might and ought to have been in possession of such a document before he left the British shores.

An English Journal, which is generally fair, liberal, and moderate in political expression, has treated Lord Ashburton with most unwarrantable severity and injustice for the manner of his dealing in the affair of the Treaty. "Bell's Weekly Messenger" has pointed out *reasons* why his Lordship was the most improper person for such a mission, every one of which seem to us to be an argument in his favour; and has treated in a sneering manner of Lord Ashburton's gullibility and of Mr. Webster's Yankee keenness of perception. But sneering is no argument, neither is assumption any proof. The tirade of the Editor of that Journal is nearly a verbatim copy of Mr. T. B. Macaulay's speech, and evidently one-sided. We may return to this subject hereafter.

* * In a late circular of ours we alluded to a notice of our new undertaking by the Editor of the Albion, which we promised to attend to "in due time." Since then, however, such an accumulated quantity of obligation, of the same quality and tendency, has come to our knowledge,—which we learn is from the same hand, and has been freely bestowed, both in *public* and in *private*,—that we find it impossible truly to estimate the amount. We have therefore resolved to ask the aid of a Judge and Jury, as promptly as may be, that we may arrive at the proper value of all this service; and shall furnish them with as ample details as our means will *honestly* permit, with the full determination that payment shall be made as by them directed.

In our columns to-day we have had to record the death of the poet and historian Southey. His too close application to literature, together with feelings and sentiments too finely strung, had already clouded his fine mind, and for some time before his decease had estranged from his knowledge not only the numerous acquaintances and friends of his valuable life, but at length even the

affectionate, anxious, and attentive wife of his bosom. He has departed, and a blank spot is left in the literature he so greatly adorned. It was for several years a fashion, by no means creditable to the aristarchi of the age, to speak slightly and with ridicule of Southey, Wordsworth, and others, who have ever proved themselves both lights and adornments of Letters, as the "Lake Poets," from the circumstance of their residing in the vicinity of those beautiful lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland, which have been the subjects of pen and pencil in so extensive a degree; and "The Lakers" were, among many, almost a term of contempt if not of reproach. Yet there were the pieces of domestic pathos written, which, being so simple in their structure and familiar in their language, were deemed children's stories and children's compositions; ballads which anybody could write, verses which could be strung together, as Coroner Wakley would say, "by the mile;" but which have surpassed the skill of their detractors, and have outlived the detraction. Southey and his compeers bore it all with becoming dignity, but it is to be feared that every arrow did not miss his susceptible heart. He continued to write, and to inform and improve the world, but there was a certain rankling within which remained incurable; indeed, one may almost gather from the letters of Sir Walter Scott, that Southey was struggling, years ago, against a melancholy which was likely to be too strong for him.

Southey, like many an enthusiastic young man, began the world with passionate notions of liberty and equality, and one of his earliest writings, called "Wat Tyler," breathes that spirit. He lived long enough to investigate his judgment and feelings more accurately, and they became greatly changed. In latter years he became somewhat anxious, it should seem, to have "Wat Tyler" sunk in oblivion, as containing sentiments with which his sober judgment by no means accorded.

So frequently have we expressed, through another medium, our hope that mankind would pause before they gave vent to unbelief upon hearing of new wonders through the agency of steam, that we really feel awkward in applying to ourselves the advice we have given to others. But this *Aerial* steaming, which seems to have caught all the good people of England on their credulous side, is in itself so startling that, notwithstanding all our belief in the rapid advancement of mechanical contrivance, aided by steam power, we are obliged to "heave to," as the sailors would say, and reconnoitre a little. In another part of our columns we have given some details of its specification and of its pretended conformity to the laws of animal nature as applied to birds; and upon paper they really appear simple, alluring, and worthy of more grave consideration. It may be true enough that birds, in general, when upon expanded wing, may seldom or never press upon the air a greater weight than half a pound to the square foot, which the proposers of this aerial scheme say is the utmost that the "Ariel" and its apparatus will press, consequently, *if the latter can be got to a proper elevation and propulsion*, it would continue to advance for some time through the air, and descend gradually to the ground, as the resistance of the atmosphere gained upon the original momentum of the carriage, and of course the more rapidly as it should experience less resistance in descent, and more attraction of gravitation. This is supposing the propellers to be altogether idle; but as the force of the stroke made by a bird upon the air beneath or behind it, is the cause of that bird's ascent or acceleration of its speed,—and this the animal can effect in both respects simultaneously,—so also must be the comparative force of the artificial wings attached to this aerial carriage in order to produce like effects. Now let us look first at the form of the bird, next at the conformation of its parts to the objects of its nature, particularly to flight, then consider its muscular powers, and lastly its internal volition, which makes the bird an *intelligent machine*, having parts most minutely adapted to all the volition which its will is capable of desiring,—and we are compelled to doubt whether human skill and ingenuity can reach the successful imitation thereof. The main difficulty seems to be this, and it is perhaps at present an insuperable objection to the plan,—viz., can the wings of this machinery act with a proportionately great force and rapidity, with regard to the gravitating pressure of this enormous vessel and apparatus, as the outspread wings of a bird act, with regard to that of its entire weight? We *guess* not, nor anything like it, and therefore the whole must come to the ground, if indeed it can ever rise off it.

In fact, it is the old story of Icarus, with the exception of the waxen wings. Yet it is ingenious, and presents a theory difficult but not impossible to be realized. It is much to be regretted that the proprietor and his friends should have applied to Parliament whilst the affair is so crude; they should at least have tried it upon a small scale; for, granting the correctness of their theory, for the sake of argument, yet as not every man, nor even every legislator, is a natural and experimental philosopher, it is hardly fair to apply to public bodies for powers, rights, privileges, and reservations, without being able to show any thing more than abstract reasoning and philosophical deductions in their favor.

We should not be surprised at this, even as a failure, should lead to something better, for failure teaches frequently better than success; and although we do not hope to be able immediately to travel by steam through the air, yet something will rise out of this of a beneficial tendency to mankind. Of this we really are confident.

ST. GEORGE'S CRICKET CLUB, OF NEW YORK.—On Saturday last, the 22d inst., the members of this Club proceeded to their ground to open the season, the regular day (St. George's) being on Sunday. The day was a remarkably fine one, and they had opportunity to set up their wickets and play a few strokes, notwithstanding the early days of a backward season, and the rains which a few days before had rendered the earth rather soft. The cricket ground has been greatly improved since the close of last season, by the aid of a thousand loads of earth judiciously applied to level the irregularities, and it has been daily rolled over since the weather would permit. After partaking of a salutary and

social refreshment, the members adjourned, and from thence the cricket season of this year may be considered to have commenced.

We learn that the Club give a general friendly challenge throughout the United States and the British Provinces, and are ready to make arrangements for mutual trips in return matches. This manly athletic exercise is gaining favour in this country, and we hope to find it generally established, in cities particularly, where the consideration of health is of such immense importance.

The Drama.

May we believe that we commence the Dramatic censorship of The Anglo American under favourable appearances? We hope so; certainly the affairs of the drama are exhibiting more of promise at present than they have for some time back; and, conscious that the stage under proper management and control can operate largely for moral good, we rejoice to perceive manifestations of returning power and influence. It will not be this season, however, that its brightness will appear; its day is but dawning after a long night of darkness, and much, very much will depend on the cares that shall be taken between this time and next September, to prevent its day from being overclouded, and the storms of adversity spreading destruction over its face. The clearing up of the dramatic atmosphere is partly attributable to the cheering prospects which begin to open in the commercial world, partly to the assurances which are every where felt of continued peace with foreign nations, and something, we trust to the pains taken by managers in the business of the stage. There is one part of the duty devolving on the last-mentioned, however, which is of the very first-rate importance, and, without due attention to which, all that they can do, besides, will fall short of the end to which they look. This is the careful endeavour to fit the pieces to the establishment, and the members of the establishment to their several characters. In fact to take care to procure good stock companies, adapted to the style of representations which characterize the theatre itself; and by no means to risk the fortunes of the house upon the system of "Stars." Stars, "heaven save the mark," have been the destruction of the managers, the starvation of the actors, and ever ruinous to the Drama itself; and it will acquire a long course of performances of a generally respectable order, to fix the public taste again in a healthy condition. Whilst we are on the subject we will endeavour to shew the mischief of unthinking management and Star performance combined; thus,

PARK THEATRE.—Mr. Hackett, a very clever actor, and a man of great professional discernment, has recently terminated a short engagement here. He was received, as indeed he ought to be, with approbation and applause. But who was seen during his engagement? Why, Mr. Hackett only! No one cared for the plot, all looked for the scenes of Mr. Hackett's own representation. With respect to the pretty but short characteristic pieces in which he appears, there was perhaps no harm in this; but when at length "The Merry Wives of Windsor" was put forth, we really felt something like indignation. It has become sometimes the custom to put a second name to this play, and call it "or The Humours of Sir John Falstaff," and this serves as a cloak for the sin of making that personage the only one of note in the entire Dramatis Personæ. Alack! alack! Why do not managers reflect, that there is not in all Shakespeare, nay, in the whole range of the Drama, a play so replete with characters demanding first-rate artists in their particular rôles. In this cast are found representatives of as many different phases of human nature as there are persons; and save that the *Falstaff* may predominate a little in quantity of action he is hardly otherwise the principal in the piece. He is but the licentious and selfish man, *Page* is the happy and peaceable man, *Ford* the jealous man, *Shallow* the boasting dotard, *Slender* the awkward but conceited ass, *Sir Hugh* the fiery Welsh pedant, *Dr. Caius* the petulant man, *The host* is the carousing drunken innkeeper, *Pistol* the bullying braggart, *Nym*, the shy, dry, cheating coward, *Bardolph*, the man of slang and low habits; *Mrs. Page* and *Mrs. Ford* have not much variety in their several compositions, but there is a delightful archness, and a sinless malice in their mirth. *Ann Page* is a beautiful specimen of simplicity, and *Dame Quickly* the very type of a fawning, sly, remorseless go-between. *Fenton* and the servants are all that possess not decided characters; and yet this splendid and difficult combination is brought on the stage in order to distinguish one of the personations!

We have always considered this play as a supplementary one, and one in which, indeed, the characters cannot properly be understood until the other plays in which they are found have been performed. The order ought to be "Henry IV., first and second parts," and then "The Merry Wives." In these two "Henry" Plays, these characters are gradually developed, and then we see them combined; and without this course it is hardly possible for any but Shakespeare readers to enjoy the real riches of "The Merry Wives." "Henry V." is a subsequent, but not a consequent play, and may, or may not, at pleasure, belong to the series. Now when the play we speak of was acted the other night, what was there, save the *Falstaff* of Hackett, and the *Ford* of Abbot, which was not "weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable?" The fellow—we cannot dignify him any farther—who played *Page*, knew so little of Shakespeare and of the "domestic oaths" of that day, as to be ignorant that it was customary to swear by the peacock, and he disgusted the intelligent part of his audience by crying out with squeamish delicacy, "By bird and pie, sir, you shall not chuse," &c. &c. Enough of this, but we do hope that if an author is to be sacrificed at the altar of a "star," Shakespeare at least may be spared.

To the adaptation of characters to actors, add the strictest and most minute rehearsals, and then we may look for the revival of the Drama here.

We do not propose to enter, in our first number, upon the weekly records of each theatre in New York, but make this our standing point; and our readers may believe that we shall judge as justly as our capabilities will permit, and

report as fearlessly and impartially as the nature of the occupation demands. A wholesome criticism is good for both the public and the artists, and it shall be our misfortune, not our fault, if the Anglo American do not supply the desideratum.

We must not leave this division of our duties, however, without stating two things of no small moment in the Dramatic world of New York. First, the *Broughams* are in this city, and as we honestly consider them to be gems of brilliant water, we hope that measures will be taken to secure their continuance here, where they are so much needed. Mrs. Brougham is an exceedingly lady-like actress, and in the department of genteel comedy is qualified to take a high position, and Mr. Brougham possesses those hilarious spirits and that nonchalance of deportment which are sure to find their sympathies in the minds of the audience. Secondly, our friend Niblo has positively secured the French company, now at New Orleans, to perform during the summer season, near at hand, at his delightful resort upon Long Beach, commencing on the 1st June. This French company, of which fame is so rich in the praise, will play comic operas and vaudevilles on alternate nights of every week, the other alterations consisting of English vaudevilles, in which Burton, John Sefton, and other clever actors, will take part.

Music.

We commence this department of our labours under the most cheering auspices. A project was set on foot about the beginning of the past winter to establish a society upon the principles and under the same title as the "Philharmonic Society" of London; its principal objects were the promotion of musical taste in general, and of instrumental music in particular; and it was truly gratifying to perceive how quickly the performing part of the list of subscribers was filled up by the very best artists of the city—perhaps of the United States—and how rapidly the entire subscription was completed, of which the accommodations would permit. Nor was this a mere freak of fashion, in which persons paid down their money and thought no more of the matter, but, during the three concerts which the Society have given, at intervals of about two months, the room has been each time filled to repletion, and the same faces of audience have been exhibited, differing only with regard to their position in the Concert room.

There is nothing surprising in this, for the band, consisting of nearly sixty masterly performers, gave on the first night such a musical treat as the new world had never partaken of before, being also conducted with a precision which gave the idea of one huge comprehensive instrument, capable of being expanded into musical thunder, or attenuated to a musical snuff-box. Here was, so far, the ample fulfilment of a large promise; it was even bettered by the second, and has been confirmed by the third and last of the season, which took place on Saturday last. The Society may now be considered as completely established, and by proceeding as it has begun, may and will be of immense utility in the advancement of music and musical taste.

These concerts are not without a share of vocalism, but that, hitherto, has not been allowed to predominate; we hear, however, that it is in contemplation to encourage the practice of singing Madrigals and other concerted pieces, which we think will be a vast improvement, whilst it will not interfere with the fundamental objects of the Society. As the first series was completed before we attained to a critical existence we shall not enter upon remarks concerning the details, but shall hold ourselves in readiness to speak out, and do our humble part towards the support of so excellent an institution.

The conductors of the Philharmonic Society's music during the season just terminated, were:—1st. Messrs. Hill and Etienne; 2d. Messrs. Timm and Alpers; 3d. Messrs. Boucher and Loder; all very effective in their turn, and it would be invidious to enter into a comparison of their several merits. We shall remark on them respectively on future occasions.

Another excellent association has recently sprung up in the city, which to real amateurs offers a delightful feast. It is a quartett party, or party for the performance of what is sometimes called "Chamber music," and in which the compositions of Spohr, Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Romberg, Hummel, &c., are played with delightful effect. Both these associations hold these meetings at the Apollo Rooms, which are indeed properly designated, for therein are nearly all the best concerts of the city now performed.

MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

PARIS, March —, 1843.

Permit me in the first place to compliment you upon the foundation of your Journal, "The Anglo American," and to wish you the most complete success in your new enterprise. I do not doubt that your sheet will soon occupy a distinguished rank. I need not recommend to you to send me several copies, in order that your friends here may applaud, and assist in promoting its success.

According to your request I will send you, at least once a month, a letter in which I shall keep you acquainted with the run of music in England, but chiefly in France and Italy; and I promise you, my dear sir, that this musical correspondence shall be the only one of its kind received in the United States, and it shall be sufficiently varied and complete to satisfy the taste of the *Dilettanti* of your city. But let me proceed to business; facts will speak better than all the promises in the world.

"A tout Seigneur tout honneur" is a French proverb. I shall commence then with the Royal Academy of Music; but it is with regret that I am obliged to say that this theatre, formerly so illustrious, is at present surrendered to artists of a secondary order. Mme. Stolz, the favourite of the director, the "Queen of the Opera" as she is called, will probably bring about the ruin of the first lyrical scene of France, if her favour should be continued much longer. But she has raised up numerous enemies to M. Pillet, and it is believed that he will

be called upon to abandon the direction of the Opera. He is preparing however at this time a grand work in 5 acts, which ought to have been played a month ago, but which, I am sure will not be represented before the end of the next. This opera has for its title "La Demence de Charles VI." As Odette plays the part of the heroine, it is thought that the name she represents will be definitively the title of the composition. No matter; the music is certainly by Halevy; it is to be hoped that this excellent musician may have been well inspired, for, since "La Juive" he has hardly obtained the success he deserves. The Libretto is by Casimir Delavigne, one of the most illustrious amongst the literati of our age; it is spoken of in eulogistic terms. Your readers who may have read the historical romance of "Isabeau de Bavière," written by Alex. Dumas, will be able to speak correctly on the subject of this opera.

The Italian Opera is the Parisian Theatre which has had the greatest success this winter. But what a strength of talent! Mmes. Grisi, Persiani, Nissen; Messrs. Lablache, Tamburini, Mario, Corelli! It is impossible to find a collection of names more admired by the public and more worthy to be so. The great hit of the winter is "Don Pasquali," an opera Buffa, by Donizetti, four characters only, but what supporters they have! Grisi, Lablache, Mario, and Tamburini. I could write you twenty pages, and yet be unable to express rightly the enthusiasm, the *furor*, excited by this charming music. Among the Italians, in public concerts, in private *soirées*, on all pianos, one hears nothing but "Don Pasquali." However the direction of the *Théâtre Italien* is not contented with the success of "Linda" and of "Don Pasquali"; it has taken up "Don Giovanni" for the benefit of Lablache, and "Otello," which Mario has succeeded in singing well,—no easy matter after Rubini. Alas! why must April deprive us of these delicious singers? London is jealous of our happiness and demands them with loud cries; and M. Guizot fears quarrels too much to seek a quarrel with England,—above all, upon a musical privilege.

The French *Opéra Comique* is always frequented; thanks to the variety of its Repertory. But few novelties. The only important work played within the last two months is the opera in 3 acts by Auber, "La Part du Diable"; it is always the same class of music, twinkling, artificial, and filling the place of genius by a delicious *savoir-faire*. My next letter will give you an account of the opera in 3 acts which Balfe is about to bring out at this theatre.

Let us now proceed to Concerts; that is, let us say that each day brings one, two, three, can I say how many concerts! The list of these musical festivals would, I do believe, reach across the Atlantic. Let us be contented then to cite a few names. And first the great violinist, the Lion of the day, the noble *déve* of Paganini, the magical and astonishing bow, Camillo Sivori. This admirable artist has played two of the greatest compositions of his master, "La Clochette," and "La Prière de Moïse." Also among his own compositions, we must distinguish chiefly "The Carnival of Venice," and a concerto in the middle of which occurs a *Cadenza monstre*! Four minutes solely of *tours de force*, frightful difficulties, and *fantastiques fantaisies*. All the artistic portion of Paris has run mad on the subject of this magnificent organ.

After Sivori we must cite Dreychock, a remarkable pianist, whose style approaches to that of Thalberg; a style which we do not think appropriate to the instrument, but which is not the less fashionable, while waiting for a new Hummel who has no need to hide the nakedness of his melody under a mass of notes and a thick veil of difficulties. Among the compositions of Greyshock, we have remarked "Le Morceau Fantastique," "La Clochette," and "Le Ruisseau." Whilst speaking of piano and pianists, I may tell you that Emile Prudent is making a tour through the middle of France, and obtains great success. Thalberg has returned to Paris, but it is not said that he intends to perform in public. Among the best publications of the last fortnight for the piano, is the piece by Bertini upon the Serenata of "Don Pasquali," which merits the highest praise.

Nothing new of Italy. At Milan a new opera has been given by Verdi, which is called, "I Lombardi alla prima Crociata." It is said that this work is very feeble, although very brilliant.

The success of Madame Garcia in London is triumphant. I believe I can assure you that there is no certainty yet of her engagement for New York. I do not know if propositions have been made to Templeton; but neither Madame Garcia nor Madame Viardot (Pauline Garcia,) have been engaged for your city.

My next letter, I hope, will inform you of several important novelties. I shall also task myself to be *au courant* of whatsoever shall be passing in London, where Fanny Elssler is obtaining at this moment the greatest success.

Yours, &c. &c.

G. C.

Literary Notices.

MILMAN'S HISTORY OF THE JEWS. 3 vols. 18mo., 2d edition. New York: Harper & Brothers.—It may be unnecessary to expatiate on the merits of this truly estimable work. It received substantial proofs of public respect in the immense sale it experienced when brought out by the enterprising publishers as the first of that valuable series called "The Family Library." It is now republished, from the stereotype plates, and with the same embellishments, as in the first edition, but at only half the original price.

HOBOKEN; a novel in 2 vols., 12mo. By Theodore Fay. New York: Harper & Brothers.—We cannot better convey our opinion of this clever work than by reminding our readers that we have made a large and interesting extract from its pages, in our present number, and have there also given a brief account of its object and scope.

THE PENNY MAGAZINE. NEW SERIES.—The second volume of the new series of this really *invaluable* work is completed. It would require an entire number to describe all the useful and interesting information which is condensed into a volume of this popular publication. It must suffice us here to remark that after nine years, during which its objects were those of creating a desire for information and of supplying it in every style on subjects not too abstruse for ordinary understanding, the new series advances a step, and, without losing any of its interest, or wandering out of the main course to which it was dedicated, it takes a somewhat more elevated range of subjects and treats them in the same lucid manner for which it had already received the approbation of every candid critic. The embellishments of the New Series are of a much higher order of execution than heretofore, and the letter-press is much neater. The work commends itself to every class of readers, and should be found in every family. It is for sale by Edmund Baldwin, 155 Broadway, sole agent to the London Publishers.

SEARS' NEW MONTHLY FAMILY MAGAZINE.—This is a cheap and exceedingly useful publication, much upon the plan of the London Penny Magazine. It consists of forty pages of letter press in 8vo., and double columns, on popular and practical subjects, and copiously illustrated by wood cuts. The work is well deserving of public support both from the quality of its contents and the general neatness of its appearance. It is published at No. 122 Nassau Street.

TO THE PUBLIC; OUR PLATES.

We take pleasure in informing our Readers that we have, in almost a finished state, a superb Aqua-tinta engraving of His Majesty

LOUIS PHILIPPE, KING OF THE FRENCH,

which we purpose publishing in a very few weeks. The portrait is acknowledged by good judges to be a capital likeness, and the engraving is in the hands of a highly approved artist. The size of the Plate will just allow the copy to form an embellishment to the first volume of THE ANGLO AMERICAN, but it will be given upon paper large enough to make a magnificent engraving for framing.

We are also happy to announce that a magnificent full-length

PORTRAIT OF THE IMMORTAL WASHINGTON,

has been for several weeks in hand and will shortly be completed. The plate represents the illustrious subject as in the attitude of a speaker, and is full of expression. The style of the engraving is a recent and highly effective combination of line, stipple, and mezzotint, which gives uncommon softness and delicacy to the *tout ensemble*, and we fully expect that it will be pronounced a perfect gem of the artist from whose *burin* it will proceed. That so splendid a subject, upon so large a scale (viz., twenty-four inches by sixteen) may be every way worthy of public acceptance, the utmost pains and enquiry have been taken in the selection of an engraver. It will be ready in the course of a very few months.

From the very great expense incurred in producing this splendid engraving—by far the largest and most superb that has ever been issued from a Newspaper office—it is obvious that it can only be presented to such subscribers as shall pay one year's subscription *in advance*.

N.B.—Postmasters in the United States are by law permitted to forward subscriptions for Newspapers, free of expense.

American Summary.

ANOTHER COURT MARTIAL.—We learn from the Georgetown Advocate that a Court Martial has been ordered in the case of Lt. Mc Laughlin, T. S. N. The matter at issue between this officer and the government is an alleged balance against him in his Florida accounts.

LAKE TRADE OF THE WEST.—In 1836 the exports were..... \$2,224,318
Imports, 14,337,026

Balance against the West apparently,..... \$11,812,708
In 1841—
Exports, \$32,342,581
Imports, 33,483,441

Balance, \$1,140,860

The gross amount of the trade has quadrupled in five years; the imports have doubled, and the exports have increased nearly 1,600 per cent. At this rate, which, however, is scarcely possible, the amount in 1847 will be above 500 millions of dollars!! Should it amount to half of this, it would throw our foreign commerce in the shade.

THE BRITISH CONSUL ARRESTED AT MOBILE.—Col. Fitzgerald, the British Consul, who was arrested for riotous conduct, was brought up before the Mayor. It appears that the Consul, being dissatisfied with a Justice of the Peace, for discharging a Frenchman charged with stealing a boat from a British vessel, called him a "poor contemptible wretch, a pusillanimous fellow, afraid to do his duty lest he should lose a few votes," and offering him the usual satisfaction of gentlemen! The Mayor fined him \$20. The Mobile Herald says:—"He expressed his willingness to pay immediately; but several of our most respectable citizens immediately stepped forward and insisted upon discharging it; at which evidence of the estimation in which he is held by the citizens of Mobile, Col. F. was much affected. The whole affair was an unpleasant one, and may lead to important discussion. We, however, cannot but hope that it may be suffered to remain where it is, and the matter entirely dropped, although we understand that a full statement of the case will be made to Mr. Fox, the British Minister at Washington." Col. F. was not imprisoned as reported.

The remains of Commodore Porter are to be conveyed home in a national vessel. They are now deposited in a leaden coffin.

Wheat is selling at Rochester for 88 cents a bushel. The Canadian buyers are about to removing their agencies to Cleveland and Detroit. The reason for this, says the Rochester Democrat, is, that wheat purchased at the west can be taken to Canada and converted into flour at a much less price than flour purchased in this market costs when delivered there. This will the more readily appear from the annexed tables:—

Present cost of wheat at Cleveland and Detroit.....	63 cents.
Transportation to Prescott.....	9 "
Do from Prescott to Montreal.....	4 "
Cost per bushel at Montreal.....	74 "
Allowing to the barrel.....	5 bushels.
The total cost per barrel will be.....	3 70
[Allowing 5 bushels to the barrel, the surplus flour will pay for grinding, packing, &c.]	
The following table exhibits the cost of flour delivered at Montreal, when purchased in the Rochester market:—	
Cost per barrel here, at present prices.....	\$4 13
Transportation to Prescott, including Railroad charges.....	22 cts.
Do. from Prescott to Montreal.....	15 "

Cost at Montreal of Rochester flour..... 4 50

The secret of the cheap rates of transportation from the west to Montreal is, that the wheat can be put on board a schr. at any point on the lakes, and taken

through the Welland canal to Prescott, without re-shipping. At Prescott it is transferred to a Durham boat, and sent down the St. Lawrence and through the Lachine Canal to Montreal.

NAVAL CHANGES.—Captain William Compton Bolton has been ordered to relieve the Commodore of our naval forces on the coast of Brazil.

BOYER.—We learn from the Mobile Herald that the British sloop of war Magnet arrived at Pensacola on the 16th inst., having on board Boyer, Ex-President of Hayti.

IMMIGRATION SCHEME.—The London correspondent of the Montreal Courier writes that "a scheme has been matured in London in concert with the Roman Catholic clergy of Ireland, for an extensive immigration to the agricultural free states in the North Western Valley of the United States, comprising the states of Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, and Missouri—Father Mathew is one of the trustees of the proposed company."

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In declining to trumpet the praises of THE ANGLO AMERICAN by a loud blast, there are, nevertheless, a few notes of introduction which justice to the intended Journal demands to be sounded. It is the earnest object of the Proprietors—and that object they will steadily and assiduously endeavour to carry out—to take a defined stand in the world of Journalism; and, whatever defects they may unwittingly fall into in respect to the materials of THE ANGLO AMERICAN, these shall never consist of anything that would be inconsistent with good breeding and the established proprieties of social life. They will aim, in the literary portions of the Journal, to be lively without levity, solid without dullness, and to give a due proportion of each. In the general information respecting public matters they adopt the maxim of "Audi alteram partem"; and, although they may give their own views briefly and independently, on contested questions, they trust never to be found degenerating into violent partisanship.

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